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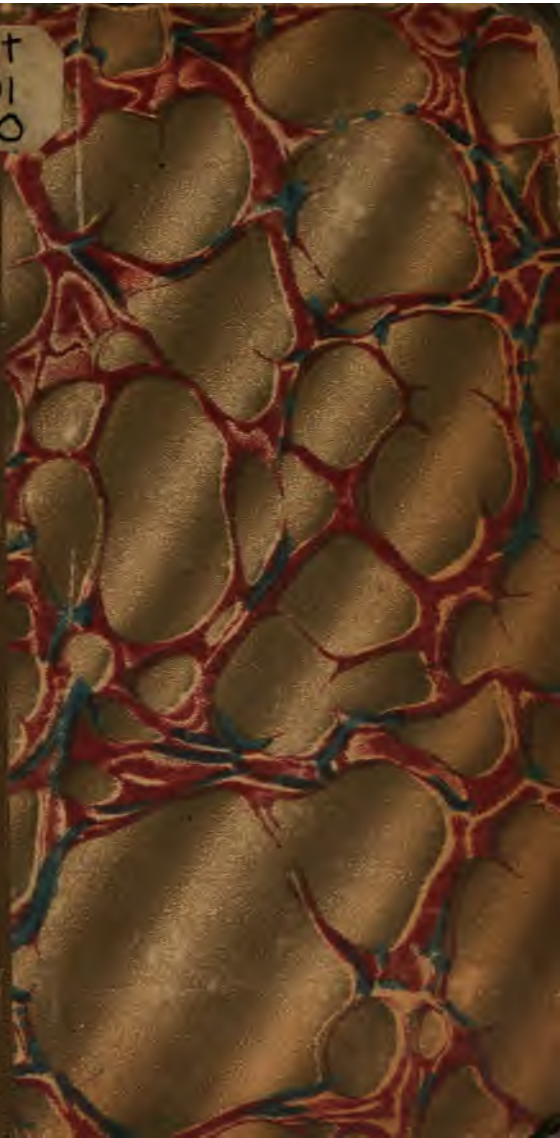
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FROM

J. G. Mac Kinnon

ind

ORAIN

LE

Iain Lom Mac-Dhomhnaill.

POEMS

BY

JOHN LOM MACDONALD.

Edited by

The Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair.

ANTIGONISH:

THE OASKET OFFICE.

HENRY WHYTE, 4 BRIDGE STREET, GLASGOW.

1895.



THE FUTURE OF THE PAPER

As the industry grows, the need for a more sustainable and efficient production process becomes increasingly apparent. The current process of paper production is a complex and resource-intensive one, involving the harvesting of raw materials, the processing of those materials into pulp, and the subsequent manufacturing of the paper itself.

One of the key challenges facing the industry is the need to reduce the environmental impact of paper production. This involves finding ways to reduce the amount of energy and water used in the process, as well as finding ways to reduce the amount of waste generated.

Another challenge is the need to improve the efficiency of the production process. This involves finding ways to increase the speed and quality of production, while also reducing the amount of waste generated. This is a complex task, as it involves finding ways to optimize the entire production process, from the harvesting of raw materials to the final product.

One of the key areas of focus for the industry is the development of new technologies that can help to address these challenges. This includes the development of new pulping technologies, as well as new manufacturing technologies that can help to improve the efficiency of the production process.

Another key area of focus is the development of new products that can help to reduce the environmental impact of paper production. This includes the development of new types of paper that are made from recycled materials, as well as new types of paper that are made from sustainable sources.

Finally, the industry is also focused on finding ways to improve the overall sustainability of the paper production process. This involves finding ways to reduce the carbon footprint of the industry, as well as finding ways to improve the overall health and safety of the workforce.

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ORAIN

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Iain Lom Mac-Dhomhnaill.

POEMS

BY

JOHN LOM MACDONALD.

1615 - 1710

Edited by

The Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair.

ANTIGONISH:

THE OASKET OFFICE.

HENRY WHYTE, 4 BRIDGE STREET, GLASGOW.

1895.

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J. G. MacKinnon

Preface.

The poems in this work have, with only a few exceptions, been taken from Dr. Maclean's MS., R. Macdonald's collection, Gillies's collection, A. and D. Stewart's collection, Turner's collection, John Maclean's MS., and D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire. Dr. Maclean's MS. was written about the year 1770, and John Maclean's about the year 1815. R. Macdonald's collection was published in 1776, Gillies's collection in 1786, A. and D. Stewart's collection in 1804, Turner's collection in 1813, and D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire in 1868.

We are in possession of John Lom's poems not as they were made, but as they were taken down from oral recitation long after the death of their author. Owing to this fact some of them are full of glaring mistakes and others extremely imperfect in versification, whilst a few of them are either mere fragments or an incongruous mixture of two or three different poems. As a general rule the oldest written or printed form of a poem

is the most correct. This is unquestionably true of John Lom's poems. Whilst we should feel thankful to Turner for his collection, it must be admitted that his versions of old poems are frequently extremely inaccurate.

I have made several changes in some of the poems in this work. My aim in making these changes was to remove obscurities, to correct inaccuracies in historic matters, and to bring lines to be of the proper length. That these changes are improvements, I do not pretend to say. Such of them as are of any real importance are pointed out in the notes.

The poems that appear in this work were published in *THE CASKET*, Antigonish, and struck off from the type of that newspaper in book form. As the proofs could not be sent me I had no opportunity of correcting misprints or making alterations.

I have to thank the Rev. Alexander Macdonald, D.D., of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, for the interest taken by him in this work. Were it not for his kindness in getting it published in *THE CASKET* it would, in all probability, never appear.

I sincerely trust that some one who is

better acquainted with the history of the Highland Clans in the days of John Lom than I am, and who may have access to manuscripts that I have never seen, will favor those who take an interest in the poems of the famous Keppoch bard with a better edition of them than I have been able to give.

A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

Belfast, P. E. Island, Oct., 1, 1895.

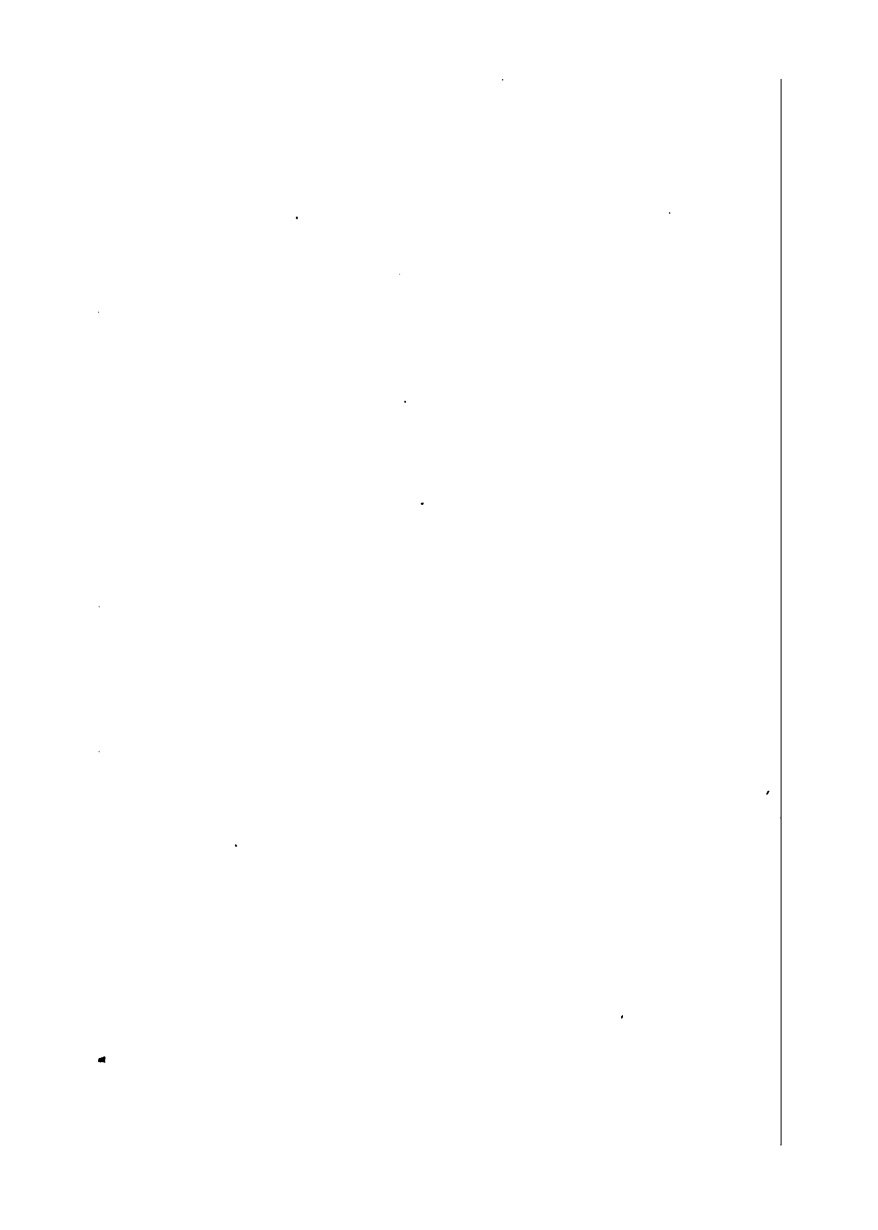
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ument over his grave a few years ago.
In reading his poems we must remember
that he lived in rough times.

CUMHA AONGHUIS MHIC-RAONNILL OIG.

'Rìgh, gur mor mo chuid mulaid,
Ged is fheudar dhomh 'fhulang,
Ge b'e 'dh'ei-deadh ri m' uireasbhìdh 'aireamh

Bho na chaill mi na gadhair,
Is an t-eug gan slor thaghall,
'S beag mo thoirt gar an taghall mi 'm Braighe.

Is eun bochd mi gun daoine,
Air mo lot air gach taobh dhìom;
Is tric rosad an aoig air mo chairdean-

Gur mi 'n gladh air a sponadh,
Gun iteach, gun linnich,
'S mi mar Oisain fo bhinn an taigh Phadrig.

Gur mi 'chraobh air a rusgadh,
Gun chaothan, gun ubhlan,
S' an snothach 's an rusg air a fagall.

Ruaig sin ceann Loch-a-Tatha,
'S i 'chuir mis' ann am ghalbheach;
Dh' fhag mi Aonghas na laighe 'san araich.

Mun do dhìrich sibh 'm bruthach
'S ann 'nur deidh a bha 'n alaidh;
Bha sar ghiomanach gunn' air dhroch caradh,

Ged a dh'fhag mi ann m' athair,
Chan ann air tha mi 'labhairt,
Ach mu'n lot 'rinn an claidheabh mu t' air-
nean-s'.

Gur h-e dhruidh air mo leacainn
'M buille mor a bha 'd leth-taobh,
'S tu 'nad laigh' an taigh beag Choire-Char
maig.

B'ì mo ghradh do ghnais aobhach
 'Dheanadh dath le t' fhull chraobhich,
 'S nach robh seachnach air aodann do namhaid.

Gadhar, a hound, a lurcher. Rosad, misfortune, mischief. Linnich, layer, lining. Galbheach, a person in want. Leacainn, the side of the head.

Angus Macdonald, of Keppoch, Aonghus Mac Raonuill Oig, and John Lom's father, Domhnall Mac Iain mhic Dhomhnuill mhic Iain Alainn, were killed at the fight of Strona-chlachain, near Loch Lay, in 1640.

Oran Do Dhomhnall Gorm Og.

A Dhomhnall nan dun,
 'Mhic Ghilleasbuig nan tur,
 Chaidh t'èineach 's do chlu thar chach.

Tha seir ann ad ghruaidh;—
 Caol mhala gun ghruaim,
 Beul meachair bho 'n suaice gradh.

Bidh sud ort a triall,
 Claidheabh sgaitheach gorm slar;
 Air t' uilinn bidh sgiath, gun sgath.

'S a ghrabhallt mhath ur
 Air a taghadh o'n bhuth;
 B' i do roghainn an tus a bhlair.

A churaidh gun ghiamh,
 'N trath ghabhadh tu fiamh,
 'S e 'thogadh tu sgian mar arm.

'N trath chagadh tu 'n t-suil
 B' id' ghunna nach diuit,
 Gum bitheadh ann sugradh searbh.

'S an laimh bu mhor luths
 Bhiodh bogh' an t-sar chull,
 Caoin, fallain de 'n fhiuran dearg.

Bhiodh it an eoin leith
 Air a sparradh le ceir
 Ris an t-saighid chaoll, reidh gu teann.

Nuair bhiodh taifeid nan dual
 Air a tarruinn gu d' chluais
 'S mairg neach air am buailteadh meall.

Cha bu ghaiseadh 'bu mhiann
 Le cinn ghlasa nan sgiath
 Air an leacainn mu 'n iath do chrann.

Clann-Domhnuitll nach c'ion
 Mu 'n or is mu 'n ni,
 Sud a bhuid beann a 's rioghaill geard.

Bho Theamhair gu I,
 'S gus a chananaich shios,
 Bhiodh luchd-ealaidh nan crìoch 'nur dall,

Thig luingeas le gaoith
 Gu baile nan laoch,
 Ged bhitheadh na caoiltean garbh.

Gu talla nam pios
 'S am farumach fion,
 Far am falaichear mile crann.

Bho imeachd do 'n Fheinn,
 'S ciun-fheadhna sibh fein
 Air fineachan treun gu dearbh.

Iarl Anntuilm nan sluagh
 'S Clann-Ghilleain nam buadh,
 Bhiodh sud leat is Ruari garbh.

Mac-Mhic-Allain nan ceud,
 'S Mac-Mhic-Alasdair fheil,
 Is Mac-Fhionghain gu treun nan ceann.

Creach ga strolceadh,
 Feachd na torachd,
 'S fir fo leon nan arm.

Long ga seoladh,
Crith air sgo dalbh
Stluir-bheirt sheolt'd, theann.

Beucaich mara
'Leum ri darach.
Sugh 'ga sgaradh thall.

Cha bu nasag
Ri sruth trath i,
'S muir 'na gair fo 'ceann.

Cruit is clarsach
'S mnai uchd allidh
'N tur nan talleasg gearr.

Foirn nam ploban,
'S oragain liobhte,
'S cuirn 'gan lionadh ard.

Ceir 'na draillsein
Ri fad oidhche,
'G eisdeachd stri nam bard.

Rualg air dhisnean,
Foirn air thithibh,
'S ora sios mar gheall.

Aig ogh' Iarl Ile,
Is Chinntire,
Reis is Innse-Gall.

Eineach, liberality, renown. Brigadh, stabbing, thrusting. Draillsein, a sparkling light. Nasag, an empty shell. Teamhair, Tara in Ireland.

Donald Macdonald, sixth of Sleat, Domhnall mac Dhomhnaill Ghuirm, married Mary, daughter of Hector Mor Maclean, of Duart, by whom he had three children—Donald, Archibald, and Alexander. He died in 1585. Donald, sev-

enth of Sleat, Domhnall Gorm Mor died without issue in 1616. Archibald married Margaret, daughter of Angus Macdonald, of Isla, by whom he had Donald. Donald, Domhnall Gorm Og, succeeded his uncle in Sleat. He was created a baronet in 1625. He died in 1643.

Blar Inbhir-Lochidh.

LUIÑNEAG.

Hi rim ho ro, ho ro leatha,
 Hi rim ho ro, ho ro leatha,
 Hi rim ho ro, ho ro leatha,
 Chaidh an latha le clann-Domhnall.

'N cuala sibh an t-ionndadh duineil
 'Thug an camp' a Cille-Chuimein?
 'S fad' a chaidh ainm air bhur n-urras;
 Thug sibh as bhur naimhdean lomain.

Dh' aithnich mi bhur surd air tapadh
 A dìreadh am mach glun Chull-Eachidh
 'S ged tha mo dhuthich 'na lasair,
 'S eirig air a chuis mar thachair.

Ged a bhiodh oighreachd a Bhraighe
 Gu ceann sheachd bliadhna mar tha i,
 Gun chur' gun chliathadh, gun alteach,
 'S math an riadh 'sa bheil sinn paighte.

Dhirich mi moch maduinn cheorich
 Gu braigh' caisteal Inbhir-Lochidh;
 Chunnic mi 'n t-arm a dol an ordagh,
 'S bha buaidh a bhlair le Clann-Domhnall.

Alasdair nan geur-lann sgalteach,
Thoisich thu 'n de ri cur as daibh;
Chuir thu ratreut seach an caisteal,
Agus surd gle mhath ga leantail.

Alasdair nan geur-lann guineach
Nam biodh agad t' armuinn uile,
B' f heudar do na dh' fhalbh diu fuireach,
S ratreut air prabar an duilleg.

Alasdair mhic Cholla ghasda
Lamh dheas a sgoltadh nan caisteal;
Chuir thu'n ruaig air Gallaibh glasa
'S ma dh' ol iad cal chuir thu asd' e.

Thug sibh toiteal teth mu Lochidh
A toirt bhuillean mu na sronaibh;
Bu lionmhor claidheabh clais-ghorm comh-
nard
Gam bualadh an lamhan Chlann-Domhnail.

Dh 'innsinn sgeul eile le firinn
Cho math 's a ni cleireach a sgrìobhadh;—
Chaidh na laoi h ud gus an dìchioll,
'S chuir iad maoim air luchd am mì-ruin.

Is mairg a dhuisgeadh bhur n-anìochd
'N am rusgadh nan greidlein tana;
Bha ingnean nan Duibhneach ri talamh
An deidh an luighean a ghearradh.

'N la a shaoil iad a dhol leotha
Bha na laoi ch gan ruith air reothadh;
S iomad slaodanach mor odhar
'Bh' air aodan Achadh-an-tothair.

'S iomad fearaid' agus plor-bhuic
Agus cuilbheir, caol, dìreach,
'Bha 'n Inbhir-Lochidh 'na shineadh,
'S bha luaidh nam ban a Cìnnìre ann.

'S iomad corp nochdte gun aodach
'Bha 'call fal' air lotalbh caola,
Eadar 'n t-ait 'an d' rinn iad maomadh
Is ceann Leitir Blar-a-Chaorinn.

'S iomad spog ur air dhroch shailleadh
Thall 's a bhos mu Thom na h-Aire,
An deidh an reubadh le claidheabh
Neul mhairbh air an suil 's lad gun anam.

Chuala sibh mu'n Ghoirtein odhar,
Tha e 'm bliadhn' aginn 'na thodhar,
Gun inneir chaorach no ghobhar
Ach full nan Duibhneach air reothadh,

Sgrios orm ma's truagh leam bhur gairich,
No anshocair bhur cuid phalsdean;
Donnalich bhan Errathaidheal
'Caoidh nam fear a dh 'f han san araich.

Air do laimhsa Thighearna Labhair,
Ge mor do bhos as do chaidheabh,
'S iomad fear mor 'chinneadh t' athar
'Bha 'n Inbhir-Lochidh 'na laighe

'S iomad fear cleoc' agus bioraid,
Cho math 's a bha beo dhe d' chinneadh,
Nach dug a bhotuinnean tioram,
Bha' foghlum snamh' air bun Nibheis.

Iain Mhuldeartich nan seol soilleir,
A sheoladh an cuan ri la doilleir,
Ort cha d' f huaradh bristeadh colunnimh;
'S ait leam Barra-Breac fo d' chomrich.

Thug thu gu d' dhubblan a leigeadh
Air Caimbalich chlar nam beul sligheach;
Gaor is eanchainn 'dol 'nan stigeal,
Slachdrich lann 's an ceann 'gam bristeadh.

Urras, boldness. Greidleas or greadlann, a sword. Tugh, a joint; luighean, joints. Todhar, a field manured by having cattle on it. Comaralch or comralch, protection, favor. Beul sligheach, a wry mouth like that of a shell.

Montrose entered Argyle on the 13th of December, 1644. He sent his followers in various directions, plundering and

laying waste the lands of the Campbells. He collected them together on the 29th of January, 1645, and began marching towards Inverness. When he was at Cille-Chuimein, or Fort Augustus, a messenger came to him in great haste with the information that the Marquis of Argyll had entered Lochaber with an army of 3000 men, that he was burning and laying waste the country, and that his head-quarters were at Inverlochy. It is to Argyll's depredations that the line, "Ged tha mo dhuthich 'n a lasair" refers. Montrose marched back with all possible speed to attack Argyll. He arrived in Glen-Nevis on the evening of February 1st. The battle of Inverlochy began shortly after sunrise on Sunday, February 2nd, 1645. Argyll's army was made up of his own followers and 1,000 Lowlanders. It was commanded by Sir Donald Campbell of Auchinbreck, a very brave man. Argyll prudently withdrew from the scene of action the night before the battle. Montrose's army consisted of the Irishmen who had come over to Scotland with Alasdair mac Cholla, the Macdonalds, the Stewarts and Robertsons of Athole, the Farquharsons, Camerons, and others. Montrose won a

complete victory. He lost only eight men, Lord Ogilvie, Captain Brain and six privates. Argyll lost fourteen barons of his own clan and 1,500 common soldiers. Among the prisoners taken was Sir Donald Campbell of Barbreck, a greedy and cruel man, who had succeeded in making himself proprietor of Ardnamurchan. John Lom viewed the battle from an elevated spot that overlooked the castle of Inverlochy, which was occupied by fifty of Argyll's musketeers. The battle was begun by George Stewart, son of the laird of Urrard in Athole. He was known as Deorsa Mac Alasdair.

La Allt-Eirinn.

Gu ma slan 's gu ma b-efbhinn
Do an Alasdair euchduch,
'Chòisinn cliu an Allt-Eirinn a mhor-shluaigh.

Leis na saighdearan laghach,
An am falbh air and rathad,
Le 'm bu mhiann a bhl gabhail a chronain.

Cha bu phrabaire tlath thu
'Dhol an caigneachadh chialdhean,
Nuair a bha thu 'sa gharadh le d' chomhlain.

Bha luchd chlogad is phicean
A cur ort mar an dìchioll,
Gus an d' fhuair thu rìlbh o Montrosa.

'S iomadh eaganach suil-ghorm
 'Bh' aig a gheat mu 'n robh 'n diubhail,
 Fo throm lèt nan arm ruisghe gan chomhradh.

Agus lasgaire foinnidh,
 Thuit an aobhar do loinne,
 Bha nan sineadh mu phollachan mona.

Chuir sibh Hurry 's a dhaolne
 Air an rualg a bha daor dhaibh,
 Nuair a bhruchd sibh maraon do na chomhall.

Cha robh domhach no geinneach,
 'Bha o dhuthaich Mhic-Coinnich,
 Nach do dh' fhag an airm-thein' air a mhoine-
 tich.

Cha robh Tomi no Simi,
 Ann am fearann Mhic-Shimi,
 Nach do thar anns gach ionad 'am frogalbh.

Prabaire, a worthless fellow. Caigneachadh.
 coupling, bringing two things together as two
 swords. Maraon, together, as one. Domhach,
 a savage. Geinneach, a short stout man.

The battle of Auldearn was fought May 9th, 1645. General Hurry had 3,500 foot and 400 horse. Montrose had 1,500 foot and 250 horse. Alexander Macdonald, who had 400 men under him, left a strong position behind a garden wall to attack his foes. He was compelled to retreat, and was in great danger when going back through the garden gate. The Mackenzies and Frazers fought under Hurry. Among the slain was Sir Mungo Campbell, of Lawess, tighearna Labhair.

Iorram.

DO MHAC-GILLEAIN HUBHAIRT.

Cuid de dh-aobhar mo ghearsain,
 'N ti tha 'n laimh anns a Charraig
 Gus an trialladh luchd-eislain o'n theill.

B' e sin grianan nan Gaidheal
 Agus uaislean fir Alba,—
 Mac-Gilleain nan arm gasd,' cruaidh, geur.

Ann an toiseach do ranntachd
 Thig Mac-Leoid o Chaol-Aculnn
 Is siol Thormaid 's neo-sgathach 'nan gleus.

Gun dig stolachadh Uielain
 Bho Dhun-Sgathich ann-sluil sin,
 Dha 'm bi 'n t-iubnar ga rusgadh ri feum.

Thig Clann-Domhnaill Ghlinn-Garadh
 Agus uaislean Loch-airceig,
 Dha 'm bi nuthidhean fada, caol, reidh;

Air am biodh na cinn ghlasa,
 'N deidh an eagadh gu dreachmhor,
 'Dhol an creubhaig le tartar nam meur.

Gum bi spallipeadh air pìoban
 Is sluagh ri falcheachd gu lìonmhor;—
 Luchd nam breacan a 's rìomhaiche ceum.

'S lìonmhor clogad ann 's luireach,
 'S sglath chearr air laimh diunlaich,
 Is sar ghunna nach diultadh ri feum.

Gum bi 'm feachd so 'dol thairis
 Gu duthaich Mhic-Callain,
 'S gum bi smudan is deannal 'nan deidh.

'S lìonmhor cleasiche 's clarsair
 'Triall gu cathair nan Gaidheal,
 Bhon 's ceann-uidhe dhaibh Aros nan ceud.

Gum bi 'n t-sreath so 'dol seachad
 Air na grainneagan glasa;
 Fleadh an fhion' a's or-laiste na deidh.

Bidh luchd-glodail a falbh bhuainn,
 Bho nach cuibhe leinn ann iad;
 'S gum bi na blodagan dearga nan cre;

A bioradh sliochd Dhiarmaid,
 Pragan salach an lasgaich,
 Bho nach bi sinn am bliadhna da 'n reir.

Grianan, a sunny spot, a place to gather to.
 Luchd-ealain or luchd-ealaidh, persons of skill,
 poets, musicians. Ranntachd, connections by
 blood, marriage, or some other tie, supporters.
 Luchd-glodail, flatterers. Or-laiste or or-lasta,
 shining like gold.

Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart was
 seized at Inverary by the Marquis of Argyll,
 in 1647, and imprisoned in the
 Castle of Carrick. He was kept in
 prison about a year. He died shortly
 after being set at liberty.

Cumha Alasdair Mhic Cholla.

Air mo dhruid 's an tom fhalaich,
 'S beag mo shunnd ris a bhannal.
 Aig an cunntar an t-aran mar ion.

'Thir na gearr-ghruaige duibhe,
 Tha mi deurach gad chumha,
 O'n la 'reub thu cuan sruthach an roid.

Cha robh, 'ghraidh, 's cha bu chuibhe,
 Thu 'buain bhairneach air rudha,
 'Sann a bha thu 's do bhuidheann ag ol.

'N t-og aigeantach, rioghall,
'Chuireadh sgairt fo na mìltean,
'Nuair a thogteadh leat-pìob is breid sroll.

Gun eireadh sud leatsa,
Fìr ur' agus fleasgaich,
O na badaidh bheag phreas 's am bì 'n ceo.

Leat bu mhiann a bhì agad
Claidheabh cuil a chinn ainnich,
Le faobhar cruaidh, sgaitheach, geur, gorm.

Cha bu tais 's cha bu tlath thu,
'Marcachd suas roimh 'n bhrigada,
Air each aigeantach, ard nan ceith 'r brog.

Cha bu chladhaire truid thu,
'Dol an agaidh an trupa;
Ceum air adhart 'nan uchd b'e do nos.

Cha robh cron ort ri alreamh,
Ged a sgriobht e air paiper,
Ach a mheud 's a bha 'n ardan 'ad shroin.

Fhuair mi sgeul a Dunchanain,
A bhrisd leus air mo shealladh,
Mo chreach leir! nach h-'eil Alasdair beo.

Agus fìrinn bho'n chlàrsair
'Tigh 'n air tìr am Port-Phadraig,
'S cha dean m' inntinn bona failte ri 'cheol.

'Stric mi 'smaointinn roimh latha,
Nach dìoghaill thu t' athair;
Sud a mheudaich droch dhath air mo neoil.

Am fear liath 'bha sa charraig,
Is dul' iaruinn mu bhallaibh,
B' e 'n laoch dian e 's am baranta a'loigh.

Ach tha mo mhuinghin an Criosda,
Gum bì la ann ga dhìoladh
Mun dìg crolch air a mhlorbhullean mor'.

'S eil leam sgapadh fir Ile,
 Agus daislean Chinntire,
 Is cha b' fhasa leam diol Raonuill Oig.

Gun cunhnadh Dia na cinn fheadhna,
 Dh' fhalbh am freasdal na gaoithe
 Air fleasgairt bhig, chaoll, nan trì seol.

B'ann diu 'n t-Aonghas og Glinneach,
 A ghabh fogradh thar linne;
 'S truagh gun roiseal do chinnidh 'bhí 'd
 choir;

Agus mis' air cul garaidh
 'Gamharc trupa shir Dalbhídh;
 Cha b'iad comunn mo ghraidh-sa na sgleoid.

'Rígh, gur h-íomadh sonn alainn,
 A bha companta, bréithreil,
 'Thuit mu sgonnsa Dunabheirt gun deo.

Fir a chaitheadh na cuantan
 Rí droch latha 'ga fhuaisread,
 Ged a dh-eireadh muir 'suas rí slait bheoil.

Sar luchd bhualadh nam builleán,
 Nuair bu chruaidh air cach fuireach
 Nam biodh uachdarain bhunallteach oirbh.

Rod, sea-weed Fleasgairt, a boat. Roiseal,
 pomp, showy men. Sconnsa, a square or small
 fort Bunallteach, firm, steady.

The garrison of Daimaverty, consisting of about 260 men, surrendered to General David Leslie shortly after the middle of July, 1647. The helpless prisoners were put to death five days afterwards. A few weeks later Colla Ciotach, who had fallen into Leslie's hands, was hanged at Dun-

staffnage. Alexander Macdonald, Alasdair Mac Cholla, left Ireland for Scotland with 1,500 men, July 27th, 1744. He returned to Ireland in May, 1647. He was killed at the battle of Cnocnanos, in the County of Cork, November 13th, 1647.

Oran mu Ghlacadh Morair Hunndaidh.

'Mhoire, 's muladach 'tha mi
Mu gach sgeul 'tha mi' claitinn,
Is mi 'tearnadh le braigh' ulsge Dhe.

'G amharc luchairt a bhaile,
Agus tur Abargheallaidh,
Gun luchd-surd a bhi 'n talla nan teud;

'G amharc aros nan luibhean,
Far am b' abhaist dhuit suidhe;
Bhiodh ann faileadh nan ubhall 's nam peur.

Aig ceann-uidhe nan Gaidheal,
Far an suidheadh iad statail,
Ghelbhtheadh ragna gach aite dhalbh reidh.

Ghelbhtheadh coinnean an lasadh
An ceann choinnleirean praise;
Bhoidh do sheomrachean laiste le ceir.

Chluinnteadh gleodhartach feodair
'Cur an adhaircibh beoire,
Seal mun dilgeadh trath-noine do 'n ghrein;

'S ulsge-beatha na tairgne
'Dol an cupachaibh airgid
'S mnaid uched-gheal, gruaidh-dhearga, 'cur greis.

Chan e gaolr bhan a Chlachain
A tha mise 'n diugh 'g acain,
Gar an òigeadh gin asde 'n choig ceud.

'S bodhd an naidheachd an Albainn
Bog-na-gaoth' an Strath-bhalgaidh
'Bh' ga chlaoidheadh le armaitibh sreìn';

Agus leithid Morair Hunndaidh
A bh' 'n laimh an t ll-butha,
Agus naimhdean 'na dhuthchannalbh fheim.

Morair Hunndaidh 's am Marcus
Bho thur nan clach snaidhte,
Far 'm bu òiamhor laogh breac ri cole feidh.

Ach ma chaidh do ghlaicadh
Leis a Mheinneireach as-caoin,
B' e mo dhiubhall a bh' aca 's b' e 'm beud.

Fìor thoiseach a gheamhraidh,
Ann am fochair na samhna,
Bha do bhochdan air tionndadh bho 'n ceill

N Dall-nam-both an Strath thamhann.
Aig a bhrothair' gun naire,
Bha lamh-sgapidh a mhall air luchd-theud.

'S ann an clachan Chill-muile
'Dh' f hag sibh 'n ceannard gun tuisleadh,
Marcach greadhnach air trup-each mor
sreìn'.

Bog-na gaoithe, the Bog of Giecht. Tollbutha, a jail. Brothaire, a butcher. The eighth verse refers to the lamentation of the Breadalbane women after the fight at Stron-a-chlachain, in 1640.

George Gordon, second Marquis of Huntly, was captured by James Menzies of Culdares, in December, 1647. Menzies was known by the nickname of Crunair

Ruadh nan Cearc. He received a reward of \$5,000 for capturing the Marquis.

Cumha Morair Hunndaidh.

LUINNEAS.

Lamh an Rìgh leinn, a dhaoine,
 Cwin a chaoch 'leas a bheirt so?
 'S gu fhèill fìos san Roinn-Eorpa
 Gur h-i choir tha sibh sracadh.
 'Fhir a chruthaich o thus sinn,
 Cuir a chuis gu treun, taicell,
 Air na Bauntairean breige
 'Rinn an eucoir a chleachdadh.

'S mi ag ambais Strath chuaiche,
 'S mor mo ghrual n, 's cha bheag m' eiskèin,
 'S mi ag amharc nan gleanntan
 San robh 'n camp' aig Iarl' Einne;
 Rìs an'goirt' an t-Eun Tùst ch,—
 Eun nach d' fhuaradh ri breun ehir, e
 Ged a tha e 'san am so
 'Se gun cheann an Duneideann.

Gur a mor mo chuis mulsid
 'S mi air m' ullinn 'am onrachd,
 'S mi ag amharc an righe
 For 'n do shuidhicheadh bordaibh.
 Tha e 'n duigh fo ghleus chapull,
 Fo fheur fad' agus folach;
 Chaill e 'nachdaran smachdail,
 An deagh Mharcus cha bheo e.

Nàile, chuunaic mi: 'nair thu,
 Is gum b' nasal do loisèam,
 'Tigh 'nn am mach le d' gheard rioghail
 Air na grinneinean gorma;
 Luchd nan casagan sìoda

'Ghlacadh pic gu grinn' modhar,
Is a bheireadh adbhansa
Ann an am dol an-ordagh.

Bha mi eolach ad thalla,
'S bha mi steach ann ad sheombar;
Bhiodh ann lomairt air taileasg,
Is da chlarsaich a coimhstrith;
Gus am freagradh am balla,
Do mhactalla nan oragan,
'S bhiodh fion Spainteach ga thogail
'M pairt de dh-obair nan or-cheard.

Cha do dh-fhogalnn leo t' fhogradh
Air feadh fhrogan ga t' thalach;
Ach do thur-bhalltein mora
Bhi gun choir aig Mac-Caillein.
'N uair a fhuair iad thu t' onrachd,
Rinn iad oirne gniomh alla;
Bha t' fhuil rioghail gun fhotus
Ga dluth dhorthadh mu 'n sgafal.

Ach a Thearlaich oir Stiubhairt |
'S fad' an dsgadh so t'h' agad;
Gur a fad' ann ad shuain thu,
S tim dhuit gluasad bho' d chadal.
Mur h 'eil t'aire gu direach
Air do righeachd a thagradh;
Leig dhìot 's an droch uair i.
Mur h-eil cruadal ad aigneadh.

'S math an culdeachadh sluaigh dhuit
Thu 'bhi 'n uachdar na corach,
Gu coir t' athar a dhiughladh
Air na h-Iudasaich dheamhnaldh.
Ach na faireadh iad baoth thu,
No blas faoin air do chomhradh;
No mar chlaidheach bog staoine
An truall chaoin air a h-oradh.

Tha ard uaislean do righeachd
'N diugh gan stìogadh an claisean,

Is gam falach an guibhsach
 'N deidh do chuinneadh a phasadh.
 Daoine beag' a rinn cillein,
 'S iad lan gienach gu 'n craiclionn,
 Tha nam parlamaid rioghall,
 'N deidh an rìgh a chur seachad.

Tha na h-amraichean-muine
 'Gabhall iuil 'sa chuan fharsuinn;
 'S an loingcas darach a crìonadh,
 'S am blodh fion gun dad airce,
 Is 'gan tilgeadh air oitir,
 As na portaibh a chleachd iad.—
 Ma mhaireas an tull so,
 'S mairg a dh'fhuirich r'a falcinn.

Na Bannairean, the Covenanters. Einne, Enzie, a district in Bangashire belonging to the Gordons. An t-Eun Tuathach, the Cock of the North, a name given to the head of the Clan Gordon. Rìghe, the outstretched part or base of a mountain. Folach, rank grass growing upon dunghills. Lolseam, show, pomp. Stoin, pewter or tin. Stìog, to crouch or skulk. Amar, a trough; amraichean, troughs. Oitir, a reef of sand, a shoal.

George Gordon, second Marquis of Huntly, was beheaded at the market-cross in Edinburgh, March 22d, 1749. The Marquis of Argyll was in possession of Huntly's estate from 1648 until 1660.

Cumha Mhontrois.

Mi gabhall srath Dhruinn-uachdair
 'S beag m' alghear anns an uair so;
 Tha 'n la air dol gu gruamnachd,
 'S chan e tha buain mo sprochd.

Ge duillich leam 's ge dìobhall
 M' fhear-cùnnidh math 'bhi dhìth orm,
 Chan fhasa leam an sgrìob a'
 'Fhanig air an rìgh-eachd bhoche.

Tha Alb' a dol fo chis-chain
 Aig farbhalich gun fhìrinn
 Bharr a chalba dhi-ich;
 'Sin cuid de m' dìobhall ghòirt.

Tha Sasunnich 'gar foreigneadh,
 'Gar creachadh is 'g ar marbhadh;
 Gun gabh ar n- Athair fearg ruinn
 Gun dearmad dhuinn, 's gur bochd.

Mar a bha cloinn Israel
 Fo bhruid aig rìgh no h-Elphait
 Tha sinn-n' air a chor cheudna;
 Chan eigh iad ruinn ach "sluc";

'S ar rìgh an deldh a chrunadh,
 Mun gann a leum e ur-fhas,
 Na thaisdealach bochd, ruisgte,
 Gun gheard, gun chuir, gun choisd'.

Ga fharfhuadach as 'alte,
 Gun duine leis de chairdean;
 Mar luing air nachdar saile,
 Gun stiur, gun ramh, gun phort.

Cha deld mi de Dhuneideann,
 Bhon dhoirteadh full a Ghreumich,
 An leoghann dileas, treubhach,
 Ga cheusadh air a chroich.

B' e sud am fìor dhuin' uasal'
 Nach robh de'n chinneadh shuarach,
 S' bu ro mhath rugha gualdhe
 'N am tarruinn suas gu trod.

Deud chaille 'bu ro mhath dluthadh,
 Fo mhala chaoil gun mhugaich;
 Ge tric do dhreach gam dhusgadh
 Cha ruisg mi 'chach e 'n nochd.

'Mhic Neill o Asainn chianail,
 Nan glacainn ann am lion thu,
 Bhiodh m' fhacal air do bhinn
 Is cha dleobrainn thu o 'n chroich.

Thu fein is t' athair celle,
 Fear-taighe sin na Leime,
 Ged chrochteadh sibh le cheile,
 Cha b' eirig air mo luchd.

Craobh ruisgt' de 'n abhall bhreugach,
 Guu mheas, gun chlu, gun cheutadh,
 'Bha riamh ri mort a cheile,
 'N ur fuigheall bheum is chore.

Marbhaisg ort, a mhiodhoir,
 Gum b' olc a reic thu 'm firean—
 Airson na mine Litich
 Is da-thrian d' i goirt.

M' fhear-cinnidh math, Alasdair Mac Cholla.
 Taisdealach, a wanderer. Farhuadach, banish-
 ing. Trod, a scolding, a fight, a battle. Miodhor,
 a mean contemptible person.

James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was the only son of John, fourth earl of Montrose, and Margaret Ruthven, daughter of the Earl of Gowrie. He was born in the autumn of 1612. He was educated at St. Andrews. He succeeded his father as Earl of Montrose in 1626. He married in November, 1629, Magdalene Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Southesk, by whom he had three sons. He was hanged in Edinburgh, May 27th, 1650.

Neil MacLeod, tenth of Assynt, married Florence, daughter of Torquil Conanach Macleod, of Lewis, by whom he had three sons, Neil, John, and Alexander. Neil, 11th of Assynt, married a daughter of Col. John Munro, of Lemlair. He arrested Montrose and Major Sinclair, his companion, at Carbiesdale, in Ross-shire, April 27th. 1650. He received a sum of money and 400 bolls of meal as a reward for his service. He lost his estate. He died without issue some time after 1691.

Iorram.

DO MHAC-GILLEAIN DHUBHAIRT.

Ged is fada mu thuath mi,
 Soraidh slan do na h-uaislean;
 Leam bu mhithich 'bhi 'gluasad gu'r tir

Gu duthaich Shìr Lachuinn
 Nam piob is nam bratach;
 'S mor bhur diobhail ri feachdan an rìgh.

Cha b'e leanntuinn na Iudaig
 Rìs na teudan bu dluithe,
 'Bheireadh mise do'r duthaich bhig, chrin.

Gur h-e bas Mhic-Gilleain,
 Tha 'n reidhlig Orain na laighe,
 A dh' fhag mise gun aighear, gun phris.

Agus Eachunn 's an araich
 Fo thrua nan naimhdean;
 Fath mo thursa gach la 'bhi 'gur caoidh.

'S math thigeadh clogaide cruadhach
Air cul bachlach nan dual glan;
Gnuis fhathail is gruaidh mar am fion;

Agus spainteach gheur thairis
Ann an ceann claignn ealant,
Is sgrìath threachd nam ball daingean
gad dhion.

Nam biodh again air blaran
De chlann-Domhnaill 's de m' chairdean
'Mheud sa chunnaic mi 'n armaill an rìgh;

'Mheud 'sa chunnaic mi fein diu
'Teachd air luingeas a Eirinn,
De shliochd gasda Chuinn cheud-chath
nam pìos;

Cha bu shìochaint bhur cogadh
'N am dol sìos an tus troide,
A dhream rioghail nan clogad 's nam pìc.

Chluinnteadh farum 'ur claidhean
Air claignibh 'ur namhad
Agus blaghean nan ceann 'gan toirt sìos.

'Siomad cubaire gealtach
'Tha buidhinn cuirt ann an Sasunn
'Bha 'ga chubadh mar chat ann an craoibh;

Agus rogaire breugach
'Bha mu mhilleadh rìgh Seurlas,
A ta 'nis oirnn ag eirigh gu strìth.

'S mur a caochail sibh cleachdadh,
Gu ma taobh-dhearg bhur leapan,
'S full a taosgadh an claisean 's an dig.

Gum biodh feadarsaich luaidhe
An lorg sraide na cluaise,
'Smnai ri gal, 's cha bu chruaidh leum an
caoidh.

Tairis, trusty. Cubaire, a shabby sneaking
fellow.

Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart died April 18th, 1648. Sir Hector Roy, his son and successor, was killed at the battle of Inverikething, with 760 of his followers, July 20th, 1651.

Tilleadh an Dara Rìgh Tearlach.

'S mi am shineadh air m' ullinn
Ann an ard ghleannan mulaich,
Is mor abhar mo shulais ri gaire.

Ged is fada 'nam thod mi,
Ma 's a cuis sin a 's olc leibh,
Thig gu h-ealamh an sop mo bhraghad;

On bha sheanus' oirnn a chluinntinn,
ced bu teann a bha chuing oirnn,
Gun do thionndaidh a chuibhll mar b' aill
leinn.

Biodh a chas so air chriseachd
Le mo bhata 's le m' phoca,
Is an lamh ann ga stobadh gu sar mhath,

Gur mi-ionchuidh an ni dhuinn,
A bhi stad ann am prìosan
An am tighinn do 'n rìgh a chum aite.

Thugar u-Athair dhuinn furtachd
As na cliathan teann, druidte,
Nuair a dh'iarr sinn air uichair a gharaidh,

Is a Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt,
Bhon a charadh an crunn ort,
Gum biodh Dia na fhear-stiuridh air t'
fhardaich;

Bhon a chaidh thu 'sa chathair,
 Gun aon bhuille le claidheabh,
 N ainmglòirmhor an Athair 'san Ard Rìgh ;

Bhon a thasaig thu 'd righeachd,
 Mar a b' oil le d' luchd mioruin,
 Ann an coinnimh ri mìle ciad fallthe.

'S iomadh iochdran mor, misgeach,
 'S mìosa run dhiut na mise,
 'Tha 'cur staigh am pitisin an dràsda.

Luchd nan torra-chaisteal liatha,
 Air an stormadh le iarunn,
 B' olc na lorgairean riamh ann ad gheard
 iad.

Cha b' fhas' an dugsadh a cadal
 Nam madadh-ruadh 'chur a braclauch,
 Nuair fhuaradh thu lag 's iad ga t'aicheadh.

Na dearg mheirlich 'chaidh 'dh-aon taobh,
 'S a dhoirt fuil Morair Hunndaigh,
 S math a cho sinn le bunndaist am paig-
 headh.

Leam is eibhinn mar thachair,
 Mar a dh' eirich do 'n bhraich ud;
 Bha gach ceann d' i na bachlagan bana.

Cha robh uibhir 's na cairtean
 Nach robh tionndadh mi-cheart orr';
 Bha mo shuileam gam faicinn an trath ud.

S olc an leasan am bhiadhna,
 Mur a furtaich thu Dhia air,
 A ta feitheamh an Iarla neo bhaigheil.

Al am rusgadh a cholleir,
 Theid an ceann deth o 'n choluinn.
 Glòir mar 's cubhaidh is moladh do 'n Ard-
 Rìgh.

Mhaighdean dubh-riabhach, smachdail,
'Dh' fhagas giallan gun mhearsuinn,
Bheir i 'm fiabhras a Marcus Earrghaidheal.

Ged 's e 'thus chan e dheireadh
Do luchd-dusgaidh an teine;
'S mar mo run do gach fear dhe do chaird-
can.

'S mor gum b' fhearr air gach doigh dhuit
Na na chruinnich thu 'storas,
A bhi tional an oiraich gu d' gharadh.

Seannsa, luck, chance. Lorgair, one that
tracks a spy. Bunndalst, wages, perquisites.
Mearsuinn, strength.

Charles II. returned to Britain in 1660.
He entered London on the 29th of May.
He was crowned in Westminster Abbey,
April 23rd, 1661. The Marquis of
Argyll was executed in Edinburgh, May
27th, 1661.

Mort Na Ceapich.

'S tearc an diugh mo chùis ghaire
'Tigh'nn na raidean so 'n iar,
'G amharc fonn Ionarlair
'N deidh a stracadh le alol;
Ged tha 'Cheapach na fasach,
Gun aon aird oirr' a's fiach.
'S furasd' fhalcinn, a bhraithrean,
Gur trom 'bharc oirnn an t-sionn.
'S fad' bhios cuimhn' air an Aoine
'Dh' fhag a chaoidh slàn fo sprochd,

Ann an am na Feill-Micheil,
 'S cha bu ni 'chall air fìod;
 Ach bhi 'n diugh 'n ar cuis-bhurta
 Mar mhiol-buirn air an loch;
 'N uair 'theid gach cinneadh a dh-aon taobh,
 Bidh sinne sgaoilt' mu 'n chnoc.

'S ann Di-sathuirne gearr bhuainn
 Bhuail an t-earchall orm goirt,
 'S mi os clionn nan corp geala
 'Bha 'call fala fo 'n bhrot:
 Bha mo lamhan-sa craobh dhearg
 'N deidh bhi taosgadh bhur lot;
 'S e bhur cur ann sa chiste
 Turn a's misde mo thoirt.

B' iad mo ghaol na cuirp chul-bhuidh'
 'Sam bu dluth cuir nan sgian
 'S iad 'nan sineadh air urlar
 'N seomar ur gan cur sìos,
 Fo chasan Shìol Dughail,
 Luchd a spuilleadh nan ciar;
 Dh' f hag a'iedh am biodag
 Mar sgail ruidil bhur bian.

Fha 'n taigh cadail 'a diugh duinte,
 'Se gun smuid deth, gun cheo;
 Far an d'aom iad d' ur n-ionnsaidh
 'Thaobh ur cuil is ur beoll,
 Ach nan robh agaibh uin'
 Bho 'r luchd mì-ruin a bhi beo,
 Cha bu bhaile gun surd e,
 Bhiodh ann muirn agus ceol.

'S fuar caidreamh taigh-tabhairn,
 'San robh gairich is cosd,
 Far nach cluinnear guth clarsich
 Ach goir chralteach nam bochd;
 'N diugh mar thalleasg fo dhaoin'
 Tha t' fhearann sgaoilte 's e nochd;
 Tìlgear urchair na disne,
 'S chi gach tì am meur goint'.

Oirne thaig an diombuaidh
 Is an tomagail gheur,
 Mar bha claidheabh ar fine
 Cho minig 'nar deidh;
 Paca Thurcach gun sireadh
 A bhi pinneadh bhuir cleibh,
 Bhi 'nur breacain 'gur filleadh
 'Measg 'ur cinnidh mhoir fheia.

'Leith'd de mhort cha robh 'n Albinn,
 Ged bu bharbarr' a gleus;
 S' cha bu laghail an t sealg e
 'Chosnadh sealbh rioghachd Dhe.
 Ge b' e 'm fath mu 'n robh 'n sgionadh,
 'Chaoidh chan innis mi 'n sgeul;
 Cha dan' a leithid de mhilleadh
 Air ceann-cinnidh fo 'n ghrein.

Ghabh sibh roimhe so fath oirnn,
 Dh' fheuch bhuir cairdeas ruinn geur;
 Chaidh sibh 'staigh ann san fhasach
 'N uair a thar sibh bhi reidh;
 Chuir sibh cungaidh a chaise
 'Staigh an aros nan teud,
 'S cuid de 'm buaillichean ba-chruidh
 Ann an garadh nam peur.

Cait an robh e fo 'n adhar
 'Sheall 'nur bathais gu geur,
 Nach dugadh dhuibh athadh,
 Luchd 'nr labhairt 's 'ur beus,
 Mach bho chlann bhrath 'r 'ur n-athar,
 'Mheall an t-aibhistear treun?
 Ach ged rinn iad bhuir lot-sa,
 'S trom an rosad dhaibh fein.

Tha leann-dubh 'na chas cruaidh orm,
 'Tigh 'nn an uaigneas mo chleibh;
 Leis mar dh' f has e 'na chuan orm,
 B' fhearr leam bhuam e mar cheud.
 Ciamar dh' fhaodas mi dìreadh,

Gun ite dhìles 'nam sgeith;
Is luchd deanamh na sìthne
Bhì feadh na tìre gun deidh.

'S og a bha sibh de bhliadhnaibh,
Ghlac an ciadadh sibh luath;
'S glan a nochd sibh bhur ciall
Gu cur bhur riaghaltean 'suas.
Ge b'e ghabhadh rium fiabhras
Bhì 'gur n-largain 's sibh bhuam,
Bidh mi 'cumha mu 'r riasladh
Gus an lath air mo ghrualg.

Chuir Dia oirnn mac oighre
Gu bhì 'na choinnleir roimh chach,
'Chum gun soilleisheadh 'sholus
Mar phreas-toridh fo bhìlath.
'S mi gum freagradh do chaismeachd
Air fraoch-bhratleth gun chearb,
Dealbh do bratain, do dhobhrain,
Do luing', leoghìn, 's laimh dheirg.

Dh' ordich Dia dhuinn craobh-shìochain
'Chumadh dìon oirnn le treoir,
Do 'm bu chòir dhuinn bhì strìochdadh
Fhad 's an cian 'bhlomid beo.
Ma 's sinn fhìn a chuir dìth oirr'
Chan fhearr a chrìoch a thig oirnn;
Tuitidh tuagh as na fàitheas
Leis an sgathar na meoir.

An glan fhluran so 'bh' aginn
'N taobh so fhlaith-eas Mhìc Dhe,
An t-aon fhluran a b' ailidh'
'Bh' ann ea phàire an robh speis,
Thanig sgiursadh a bhaìs air
'Thug gu lare 'dh-aon bheum.
Mar gum buaineadh sibh ailean
Leis an fhaladair gheur.

'S math is toilitinneach sinne
'Bhì gu mìnlag am pein,

Bhon a ghlac sinn fal spiorad
 Ann an ionad fiamh Dhe.
 Mar luirg bhris' air an linge,
 Ged bu mhillis am beul,
 Bha na daoine dha 'm buineadh
 A bhi umalbh mar sgeith.

Tha mulad air 'm inntinn
 A bhi 'g tinnseadh bhur beus':
 'E ann a ghabh iad am fath oirbh
 N usair chaidh 'ur fagail leibh fein.
 'S bochd an sgeul eadar bhraithrean
 'Dhol an lathair Mhic Dhe,
 Mar a chreachadh na flurain
 Leis na h-Iudasich bhreun.

Cha b'e sud 'bha mi 'g ionndrainn,
 Ge do phlunnndrig iad sibh,
 Ach na h-oganich chul-bhuidh'
 Air an lubadh 'san lion.
 'S e 'chuir stad air mo shugradh
 'S 'dh-fhag mo shullean gun dìon,
 Sibh bhi sint' ann sa chruisle
 'S graisg na duthcha gun fhiamh.

Gun sealladh Dia oirnn le 'ghrasan
 Ge b'e la thig ar crìoch,
 Bhon is mallicht' an t-al sinn
 'S gur mairg a ch-araich ar trian;
 Is gne Thurcach gun bhaigh sinn
 Ach nach d' alchaidh sinn Crìosd;
 Fagaidh muir air an t-aigh sinn
 Mar chulldh-bhaite gun dìon.

'..heil an stocas an d' fhas sibh,
 'Cur bhur bals an neo-shuim,
 'S uir-luch riabbach na pairce
 'Gabhail saith fo fhal-fuinn?
 Clamar 'dh 'fhullingeas tu fein sud,
 Gun t' fhuil a dh' eirigh fo thuinn,
 'S gur tu 'thog iad 'nan oige,
 'Staigh mu bhord an Dun-tuilm?

'S iomad oganach treubhach,
 'Shiubhleadh reidh is glaic chrom,
 Eadar ceann Drochaid Eire
 'S Rudha Sùleite nan tonn,
 A ghrad dheanadh leat eirigh,
 'Dheagh Shìr Seumas nan long,
 'S leis 'm bu mhiann 'bhi' dìol t'èirig,
 Nam biodh do chrenuhag lan tholl.

Ach a Mhorair Chloinn-Dòmhnail
 'S fad' do chomhuidh 'meas Ghall;
 Dh' fhag thu sinn' ann am breislich
 Nach do fhreasdail thu 'n t-am;
 Cha mho ghleidh thu na gibhtean
 'Chaidh gun fhios duit air chall;
 Tha sinn corrach as t' aogais,
 Mar chòlainn agaoilte gun cheann.

A Mhic Moire 's a Chrìosda
 'Dh' fhulling pian nan colg creuchd,
 Falc mar theill iad an dìteadh
 Gach aon ti 'bha mu 'n eug;
 Ma tha toradh 'san dìogh 'lta
 'Chur do righeachd an leud,
 Gaolr na fala tha 'dhlith orm
 Gu ruige sìth fàitheas De.

Strac, fill to the brim. Aird, condition, preparation. Sion, a storm. Flod, floating. Mìol-buirn, a whale. Earchall, loss, calamity. Brot, properly brat, a bed-cover. Toirt, attention to business, strength, importance. Aileadh, a mark. Taighabhairn, a house of entertainment. Nochd, naked, bare, exposed. Diombualdh, bad luck, misfortune. Barbarra, or borbarra, barbarous. Sgionadh, or sgeanadh, knifing. Cunn-gaidh, ingredients, materials, means. Athadh, respect, sparing through pity, fear. Rosad, misfortune, evil. Ciatadh, or ceutadh, gracefulness, pleasantness, kindness. Faladair, speal, a scythe. Fal or feall, false, deceitful. Uirluch, a mole. Fal-fuinn, a hoe. Reidh, a level place. Glaic or glac, a hollow, a short narrow valley.

Alexander Macdonald of Keppoch, Alasdair nan Cleas, had three sons, Raonull Og, Domhnall Glas, and Alasdair Buidhe. He was succeeded by his son Raonull Og, who was succeeded by his son Angus. Angus, who was killed at Slison-a-Chlachain in 1640, was succeeded by Domhnall Glas, second son of Alasdair nan Cleas. Domhnall Glas married a daughter of Forester of Kilbaggie in Clackmannanshire, by whom he had two sons, Alexander and Ronald. Alexander, Alasdair Mor, succeeded his father. He was an excellent young man. Alasdair Buidhe, third son of Alasdair nan Cleas, had acted as Tutor of Keppoch for a number of years. He was an ambitious, selfish, and unscrupulous man, and resolved to get rid of his two nephews, Alexander and Ronald by assassination in order to secure the chieftainship of the Macdonalds of Keppoch for himself. He had five sons, Allan, Archibald, Alexander, Donald, and Ronald. Allan and Donald, assisted by Alasdair Ruadh Mac-Dhughail of Ionarlaire and his six sons, went stealthily to Keppoch house and murdered Alasdair Mor and his brother Ronald, who was only a young boy. The horrible deed was committed in September, 1663.

"Mort na Ceapich" is a very beautiful poem, and gives us a good view of John Lom in a state of repose. He stands before us as a tender-hearted and faithful friend, a preacher of truth and righteousness, and a man of firm faith in a just God. The appeals to Macdonald of Sleat and MacDonald of Glengarry show good sense and good taste. The poet was a skilful pleader.

Cumha.

DO MHAC-MHIC-EAONAILL NA CEAPICH AGUS
A BHRATHAIR, A CHAIDH A MHOIR 'SA
BHLADHNA, 1863.

'S mi am shuidh' air brualach torrain
Mu 'n cuairt do Choire-na-cleithe;

Ged nach h- 'eil mo chas crubach,
Tha lot na's mu orm fo m' leine;

Ged nach h- eil mo bhlan sracte,
Tha fo m' aine mo chreuchdan;

'S chan e curam na h-imrich,
No lomagan na spreidhe;

No bhl gam chur do Cheann-talle,
'S gun fhios cia 'n t-aise do 'n deid mi;

Ach bhl 'n nochd gun cheann-cinnidh;
'S tric 's gur minig leam fein sin;

Ceann-cinnidh nam Braigheach
'Chuireadh sgath air luchd-Bearla.

Tha mo choill air a maoladh,
Ni a shaoil leam nach eireadh.

Tha mo chnothan air faolsgneadh,
'S cha bu chaoch iad ri 'm feuchinn.

Chan fheil ann diu ach tuailleas,
Dh' fhan iad bhuam am barr gheugan.

Cha b'e fuaim do ghreigh lodala
'Gheibht' a sodrich gu feiltean;

No geum do bha tomain
'Dol an coinnimh a ceud laoligh;

No uisge nan sluasid
Bharr druablas na fèithe.

'S e bu mhiann le d' luchd-taighe.
'Bhl' gan tathich le beusan;

Mu dha thaobh Garbh-a-chonnidh,
Far 'm biodh na sonnanich gle mhor.

Le am morgha geur, sgaitheach,
Frith bhacach, garbh leumnach.

'S beag an t-longhnadh leam t' uaisle
'Thigh'nn an uachdar ort 'eudail;

Is a liuthad sruth uaibhreach
As 'n do bhuaineadh thu 'n ceud uair.

Ceist nam fear thu bho'n Fhearsit
Is bho Cheapich nam peuran;

Bho Loch-treig an fheoir dhosrich,
'S bho Shrath-Oisein nan reidhlean,

'S bho cheann Daire-na-mine
Gu Sron-na-h-Iolairle leithe.

Sliochd an Alasdair Charrich
'Rachadh allail 'na eldeadh;

Sar mhac an IarI Illich
Ceannard mhiltean is cheudan.

'S ro mbath shloinninn do shinnereadh,
Fàil dhireach Chuinn Cheud-chathich;

Bho mhac an rìgh Spaintich
A rian tamh ann an Eirinn.

Skol Mhìlìdh nan cathan
A bha grathun 's an Elphait.

B'e mo chreach is mo ghonadh
Nacn d'fhuair thu cothram na Feinne.

Gun tigh'nn ort 's tu 'nad chadal
Ann an leaba gun eirigh,

'S ann air maduinn Dì-domhnaich
'Rinn na meirlich do reubadh;

Da mhac brathair t' athar,
Gum bu scrathail leam fein sud.

Agus seachd de shìol Dughaill
Luchd spuilleadh nan ceudan.

Ach thig Sir Seumas nam bratach,
'S bheir e 'm mach dhuinn bhuir n-eirig;

Agus Aonghus bho Ghairidh,
Leoghan fathramach gleusta;

'S gun a cholmas air thalamh
An am tarruinn nan geur-lann.

Thig na cinn dìbh a chonaibh,
'S ann leam 'bu tollicht' an sgeula.

Oran do Shìol Dughaill.

'S trom 's gur h-eis leineach m' aigne,
'N duigh gur feudar dhomh aideach',
'S iad gam ruagadh mar chabrach nan torr.

Iad gam fhoirradh a Clachalg,
'S mi gun mhanas, gun aitreabh,
'S nach h-e 'm mal a tha fairtleachadh orm.

Iad gam fhogradh a m' dhuthaich,
'S m' fhearann poed' aig Slol Dughail,
'S iad am tarail gun uraich iad coir.

Iad gam fhogradh gun aobhar,
'S nach mi shalaich an t-saobhaidh,
Mar mhadadh-alluidh 's a chaonnag mu
'shroin.

Mo ni 's m' earnais feadh monaidh,
'S mi mar ghearr eadar chonaibh,
Gun chead tearnadh' measg loinne no feoir.

Bho nach d' fhas mi 'm fhear-murta,
Gu bhi sathadh mo chuirce,
Mar na cealgairean curta 's taighmhor.

Bha fuil chradbhach o lotan,
'Dh' fhaoidt' a thogail le copan,
'Ruith na carchain mu bholtaibh nam brog.

Ach ged 'mhort an luchd-reubainn—
Na fir og' a b'fhearr beusan,
'S mis' 'tha 'n diugh ann an eiginn bho 'n toir.

Mar lagh Sgìre Ma-Cheallaig,
Anns na linntean nach maireann,
Nuair a dhìt iad an gearran 'sa mhad.

Lagh cho cearr 's a bha 'm Breatunn,
'Bhi le meirleach a seasamh,
Is ga thearnadh bho leadairt nan cora.

Cleas gnìomh narach na musaig
A bha poed aig a chruiteir
Nuair a bhuail i sa phluic e le dorn.

A bhean challaidh gun obadh,
'Chionn a dochair a thogail,
B' aill leath' fhagail gu h-obann gun deo.

Bha a bheist air a buaireadh
No ciont fein 's i lan uabhair,
'S chaidh an eucoir an uachdar gu mor.

A Ruaidh robaich nam maodal,
 Ged a stobadh tu caolain,
 'S beag dhe d' chogadh a shaoil mi 'bhiodh
 oirnn.

'S aobhar mulaid is naire
 Gum faict' fhathasd a lathair
 Na fir bhorb 'bha mu strathadh nan og.

Ach faodar cadal gu seistell,
 Aig fìor fhadal Shir Seumas,
 Leig rath ladarnas deistinneach leo.

'S truagh nach faicinn do loingeas;
 'S mi nach brisdeadh a choinnimh,
 Nam biodh coiseachd air chomas dhemh beo.

Bhiodh do ghillea gun smalan,
 Sruth a mireadh ri 'daraich,
 'S a croinn ghuibhais fo sparradh nan seol.

Nuair a lagadh a ghaoth oirnn,
 Bhiodht' a pasgadh a h-aodaich,
 'S buidheann ghasda mo ghaoil 'dol air
 doigh.

Raimh mu 'n dunadh na basaibh
 Bhiodh a lubadh air bhacaibh;
 Sud a chursachd o 'n atadh na leois.

Bhiodh fir chalin' air a totaibh,
 I 'na deann chum na cloiche,
 Is muir dhughorm a spoltadh mu 'bord.

Cabrach, a deer. Manas, a cultivated piece
 of ground, a farm. Loinn, a cornfield. Curta,
 wicked, impious. Seistell, having a couch or
 bed.

The Siol Dughaill were Macdonalds.
 They came from Moidart to Lochaber
 about the year 1547. Alasdair Ruadh
 was the principal man among them in

Alasdair Buidhe's time. He lived at Ionarlaire. He was put to death for the Keppoch murder by the Ciaran Mabach in 1665. His six sons were slain at the same time.

An Ciaran Mabach.

Ged 's eun fograidh mi 'sau tìr so.
 Air mo ruagadh as na crìochan,
 Glòir do Dhia 's do dh-Iarla Shifort,
 Cha bhl sinn tuilleadh fo 'n bhinn ac'.

'Shìr Seumas nan tur 's nam baldeal,
 Gheibh luchd muirne cuiridh ad aitreabh;
 Ged a rinn thu 'n dùsal cadall,
 'S eibhinn leam do dhusgadh maidne.

Slàn fo d' thriall, a Chiarain Mhabich,
 'Shinbhleadh slabh gun bhladh, gun chadal;
 Fraoch fo d' bhroig gun bhosd, gun bha-
 gradh;

Chuir thu ceo fo 'n roiseal bhradach.

Dìcladain a chaidh thu 't uidhim,
 Le d' bhratich aird 's le d' ghillibh dubha.
 Thug thu sgrìob an nall a Uibhist,
 'S bhuail thu 'd dheann aig ceann an uidhe.

Chuir thu stopadh air na caolais
 Mun deant'gial mu d' thriall a sgaoileadh.
 Cha robh coit no ramh no taoman
 Nach do ghlacadh le do dhaoine.

Cha d' iarr thu bat no long dharich
 Rì am geamhrìdh 'a tus na gaillinn;
 Triubhas teann feadh bheann is bheulach;
 Coiseachd bhonn ge trom do mheallag.

Binn thu mhoch-etrigh Didomhnich,
 Cha b' ann gu 'n aitreabh a chomhdach;
 Ach thoirt am mach nan cas cheann doite,
 'S chur sradaig fo bhraclich na feola.

'S outdheach mls' airson do ghniomha;
 Cuid de 'n achain 'bha mi 'g iarraidh,
 'N grad spadadh le glas lainn liatha,
 'S bhl tarruinn ghad air fad am fiacal.

Bhon smachdaich thu 'n Ionarlair' iad,
 'S a chuir thu gach cuis gu h-aite,
 Mun d' sgaoll thu t' itean air fàlle,
 'S feirrd do mheas e 'measg nan Gaidheal.

'S ann leam nach bu chrualdh a ghaolr ud
 Bh' aig mnathaibh galach nam fàlt sgaolite,
 Nuair a bha na fir nach maolneadh
 'Sealg nam boc mu dhos nam maolseach.

'S maig a rinn fhlaolam 'san drochbheirt,
 'N deidh a phlaosgaidh 'fhuair bhur plocan;
 Claignean gan slodadh o chorpatbh,
 Mar chinn laogh an deidh nan corcan.

Meallag, the belly. Ploc, a cheek, a large
 head. Faolam or foghlum, learning.

Rannan.

Eadar Brian, am Bard Asainteas, agus
 Iain Lom.

BRIAN.

Thoir soraiddh gu Iain Manntach bhuam,
 Rag mheirleach nan each breanndalach;
 Gur tric a thug am mealltair ud
 Leis meann am mach o 'n chro.

B' e fasan fir a Bhraigh' agafbh,
 'S da thaobh Loch-Iall gu Arisalg,
 Bhiodh eglan 'san dara brathair dhiu
 Mu urad ara 'dh-fheoil.

IAIN LOM.

A theanga liotach, mhìorailteach,
 Nach tuig thu bhl gad dhlomoladh.
 'S mithich tarruinn gu clach-lìonraith leat
 'S am faigheadh Brian-a leoir.

Cha b' chubair a ghòid ghearran mi,
 Cha d' chuir mi uidh 'san ealain sin;
 S' c' a mho a chum e calthris orm
 'Bhi dol an caraibh cro.

Thoir soraidh gu bard Asaint bhuam,
 Gu seann bhus liath nan ceapairean;
 Gur coltach do bheal rapasach
 Rì slait de 'n chealtair chloth.

Beul salach, molach, feusagach,
 Lan snuig is ronn is reumannan;
 'S gur tric do bhrù 'sa gheisgell oit
 'N deidh faigheal creis nam bord.

A sheann-tùir leith nan ursannan,
 Gur tric a dheabh thu cupachan,
 'Sa chaidil thu 'ana guisteirean
 An deidh do ghucag ol.

An uair bu dluithe 'n alleag oit,
 Bu lìonmhor cu is galla 'bhìodh
 A toirt nan sul 's nam mala dhìot,
 'S tu bruchdadh baladh feol'.

Gur salachar lie' is urlair thu,
 Lan sgeig is goimh is druisealachd,
 Mar bharaili 'n deidh a talionndadh
 'Se 'cur sgum gu barr-fall bhrog.

Ged 's cam am mulgh mu d' ghluinean thu,
 Gur calma 'staigh fo d' shuillean thu',
 'S tu traoiteir nan seachd duthchannan
 A reic an crun air ghrot.

Ara, a kidney. Miorailteach, incomprehensible. Cealtair, thick gray cloth. Cubair, a sneak. Ealain, trade. Smug, snot. Ronn, slaver. Reum, phlegm. Seann-tur, an old acquaintance. Deabh, drain, dry up. Drui-sea lachd, lecherousness.

Rannan.

Eadar Domhnall Gruamach agus Iain Lom.

DOMHNALL GRUAMACH.

A bhean nam pog mealla,
'N nan gorm-shullean meallach,
'S ann tha mo chion falaich
Fo m' bhannan do m' ghradh.

Chan fhell mi gad leirsinn,
Ach mar gum biodh reul ann
An talc ris a ghreim so
'Tha 'g eirigh gach la.

IAIN LOM.

Air leatsa gur reul i,
'S gur coltach ri grein so
'S og a chaill thu do leir-inn,
Ma thug thu 'n eilg ud do ghradh.

Boladh uilleadh an sgadain
De dh-urlainn na h-apa;
'S i 's cubaiche faicinn
'Tha 'n talce ri traigh.

DOMHNALL GRUAMACH.

Fios bhuam gu Iain Mabach,
Dha 'm bu dual a bhi 'gadachd,
Nach co-ion da bhi 'caig rium
'S ri cabaire baird.

A bhusaire rodnaich,
Fhir nam piliut-chasan croma,
Tha na cuspan air lomadh
Gu bonnaibh do shail'.

A phillutaire bhualach,
 Fhír nam brusg-shiulean musach.
 Chan fhasa do thuigsean
 Na plubartaich caill.

Ged tha thu 'm' fhuil dhirich,
 Nalle, cumaidh mi sìos thu;
 Cha bhí colle gun chrionaich
 Gu dillan a fas.

Fuigheal fìor-dheireadh feachd thu,
 Chan fhiach le each ac' thu;
 Chaill thu t' ìnghnean sa Cheapich,
 'S griobadh prais' agus chair.

IAIN LOM.

Fios bhuamsa dhuit, 'ille,
 Chaill thu dualchas do chinnidh;
 Gu bheil thu air mhìre
 Le ìnsgean balrd.

Mì cho saor de no ronnán
 Rì aon beo dhe do shìolnneadh;
 Nalle, rinn thu bhreug shìlleir
 Am follais do chach.

Ma 's ann ormsa mar dhìmeas,
 Ghabh thu choill as a crìonaich,
 Iarr an dòire na 's isle
 Fo ìochdar do chair.

Mur bhí dhomha mac t' athar,
 Is ann da tha mì 'g athadh,
 Nalle, chuirinn ort athais,
 'Tha falsg, air do chair.

Milleadh, oll. Cubach, bent. Brusg-shull,
 brach-shull, or reask-shull, a blear eye. Athais,
 a slur, a reproach.

Iorram.

DO SHIR SEUMAS MOR MAC-DHOMHNAILL.

Moch 's mi 'g eirigh 'sa mhaduinn,
'S trom eisleineach m' algneadh,
'S nach eighear mi 'n caidreamh nam braith-
rean.

Leam is aithghear an ceilidh
'Rinn mi mar ris an t-Seu nas
Ris 'n do dhealich mi 'n de roimh la caisge.

Dia 'na stiùir air an darach
'Dh' fhalbh air thus an t-sluil-mhara
Seal mun d'uge 'cheud bhoinne de thraghadh.

A chrom chrann-tairneach riabhach,
Luchd-mhor, la'uir, saidh-dhìonach,
Leam a b' ait 'bhi 'g ol fion' air a claraibh.

Cha bu mharcich' eich sreine
A chumadh geall leis riut
'N uair a thogteadh do bhreid os-clonn saile.

'N uair a chairteadh riut tonnag
Air chuan iargalt nan dronnag,
'S lomadh gleann leis an cromadh tu t' earr-
linn.

'N uair a shuidheadh fear stiùir ort
An am fagall do dhuthcha,
Bu mhear-shruthach cuan dubh-ghlas fo d'
shail-sa.

Cha b' iad na lus-chrubain mheanbha
'Bhiodh mu d' chupull ag eilgheadh,
Nuair a dh' eireadh mor shoirbheas le bar-
cadh.

Ach na fuirbinnean treuna,
 'S math a dh' iomradh 's a dh' eigheadh,
 'S bheireadh tulg an tus cleith air ramh
 braghad.

'N uair a dh' fhallicteadh fo uisg' i,
 Is nach faicteadh lan suidh dh' i,
 Bhiodh luchd-a-taighe 'sior-lubadh a h-
 alaich.

'S iad gun eagal, gun eiselein,
 A slor fhreagairt d' a cheile,
 'N uair a thigeadh muir beucach, cas, ard
 orr'.

'Dol timchioll Rudha na Caillich.
 Bu mhath siubhal a darich
 'Gearradh astair gu calthream Chaoil-
 Acuinn;

'Casgairt tuinn a chuain fhiadhich,
 Mar bu chuibhe dhuinn iarridh,
 'Mach gu Uibhist bhig, riabhich, nan cradh-
 gheadh.

Cha bu bhruchag air meirg' i,
 'Fhuair a treachailt le 'h-eirbheirt,
 'Nuair a thigeadh oirr' doirbh shlon le gab-
 hadh,

Gum b' ard-shranntach air muir i,
 A siubhal ghleann gun bhl currtha,
 'S buill chainbe troimh 'dulagaibh arda.

Sar Mhac-Dhomhnaill an Duin oirr',
 'S do mhac oighre 's mor curam;
 'S i do cheill 'fhuair an cliu 'measg nan
 Gaidheal.

Do mhac Uibhisteach, Sleiteach,
 D' am bu chubhtidh bhl steudmhor
 'Mach o'n rugha d'an eightheadh Dun-
 Sgathich.

An t-og misneachail, treubhach,
'Sliochd nam Mílidh a Eirinn,
A bha gleust' air chul sgeith' ann sna bla-
raibh.

Gur a mor mo chion fein ort,
Ged nach bí mi ga eigheach,
'Mhic an fhir leis an eireadh na Braighich.

Ceist nam ban o Loch-treig thu,
'S o Shrath Oisein na Feinne;
Gheibhteadh bruic agus feidh air a h-arinn.

Dh' eireadh buidheann a Ruaith leat,
'Lubadh iubhar mu 'n guallibh,
'Thig o bruthichean fuar' Charn-na lairce.

Dream eile dhe d' chinneadh
Clann-Iain o 'n Innein
'S iad a rachadh 'san iomairt, neo-agathach.

'S iomad oganach treubhach,
Is glac chrom air chul sgeith aig',
'Thig gu d' bhratich, a threun laolch nan
Gaidheal.

Is a fhreagradh dha t' eigheach,
Nan cuireadh tu feum orr',
'Nuair a chluinneadh iad fein do chrois-tara.

Ged b'e Mart cur a choirc' e,
'S mi nach tilleadh o stoc bhuailbh,
'S ann a bhidhinn an toiseach a bhata.

'N uair 'bhiodh each deanamh gníomha
Bhíodh mo chuid-sa dheth díomhain,
'G ol mo ghuscaig 's mi 'm shineadh air
faradh.

Seol-mars, tide. Tonnag, a mantle. Earrlinn, keel. Lus-chrubain, weak fellows like drooping weeds. Cupnill, shrouds. Alach, a bank of oars. Bruchag, a leaky boat. Eirbheirt, motion. Currtha, fatigued. Arinn, a deer forest. Glac, the hollow of the hand. Gusgag a bumper.

Marbhrann do Shir Seumas Mac-Dhomhnaill.

Gur a mis' tha fo phramh,
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar ;
A Rìgh, 's deacair dhomh tamh 's mi beo.

'S e do thuras o'n Dun
A dh' fhag snigh' air mo shuil,
'S a bhi faicinn do thuir gun cheo.

Tha do bhaile gun speis,
Gun eich gam modhadh le sreìn ;
Dh' fhalbh gach fasan le Seumas og.

Bhiodh do ghillean mu seach
'Taomadh dìbhe b' fhearr blas,
Fion Spainteach dearg datht' is beoir;

'S uisge-beatha nam pìos
'Rachadh t' airgid ga dhiol ;
Chit' an gloin' e mar ghrìogan oir.

Nuair a rachadh tu 'strìth
Ann an armailt an rìgh,
Bhiodh do dhiollaid air mìl-each gorm,

Nam biodh gairm ort am mach
A chur naimhdean fo smachd.
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-Leòid.

Bu leat fìr an taoibh tuath,
Fìr a Bhrailge so shuas,
Is Mac-Griogair bho Ruadh-Shruth chao.

Bhiodh clann-Iain an nall,
Bho throm dhubhar nam beann,
'Chuireadh saighead le srann am feoil.

Bhiodh a Atholl an nìos
Comhlan gasda gun sgìos,
Fo 'n triath gaisgeanta, fìnealt', og.

Bu leat Clann-Farlain nan sgiath,
 'Bh' aig fear t' aite-sa riamh,
 'S Mac-an-Aba le 'chiad fear mor.

Gur ma sealbhach mar thriath
 Do dheagh mhac air an t-sliabh,
 Ann an duthaich nan cliar r'a bheo.

'Fhir a dh' fhuiling am bas.
 'S a dhoirt t' fhuil air ar sgath,
 Na leig mulad gu brath d'a choir.

Modhadh, training, taming. Mil-each, a war-horse. Gorm, denoting the color of horses, dark grey.

It was at one time supposed that the Clan Donnachie, or Robertsons, were descended from Duncan, a natural son of Angus Mor of Islay. The Robertsons have no connection with the MacDonalds. It is fairly certain that they are descended from the old earls of Athole. Duncan, their progenitor, was known as Donnachad Reamhan. He was the son of "Andrew of Athole." He was succeeded by his son Robert, who was succeeded by his son Duncan, who was succeeded by his son Robert. The Robertsons were originally Duncansons, and are still Duncansons, clann-Donnachidh, in Gaelic.

Sir James Macdonald of Sleat died on the 8th of December, 1678.

Oran Do Thriath Ghlinne- Garadh.

'S e mo chion an t-og meanmnach
'Bu shar cheannard nan ceudan ;
Fhuair thu urram fir Alba
Le do dhearbha acfhuinn ghleusda
Mac Moire 'dhion t' anma
Anns gach aona bhall 'san deid thu;
'S na rachadh do mharbhadh
Gun oircheas Mhic De leat.

A shar mharcaich an steud eich
Ur ghleusd air dheagh inneal.
Le acfhuinn mhath sreine,
'S d'a reir sin do stiorap.
'Nuair a rachadh tu 'leum air,
Cha bu reidh dol gad thilleadh;
Spainteach ghasda chrualdh gheur ort.
'S bhiodh ra-treut mar a shirinn.

Beus de bheusaibh a Ghlinnich,
Gun robh sinn' umad eolach,
Nach gabhadh tu giorag;
Naile thilleadh tu 'n torachd.
Bhiodh an t-iubhar ga lubadh
Mar-ri fubhaidh chinn storaich
Air a leigeadh gu h-ealamh
As na taifeidean corcaich.

Ach, Aonghuis oig Ghlinnich,
Chan 'eil sinn' umad suarach,
'Nuair a thogadh tu 'n iomairt
Bu ghlan do chinneadh ri 'ghluasad.
Gu bheil cuid diu air linne
'N laimh an innein so 'suas bhuainn;
Ceud connsunn gun ghiorag
Nach tilleadh le fuathas.

Chan fhuil bhodach no prabair,
 Chan fhuil graisge no tuatha,
 Ach fuil ghlan an Iarl Ilich
 A ta 'direadh ri d' ghrualdhibh.—
 'S car thu mhillidh nan cathan
 A thaobh t' athar coig uairean;
 Dh' fhad sud cruadal 'ad lamhan
 Gus an claidheadh a bhualadh.

Nam biodh maoim air do naimhdean
 Gu do champ' mar bu mhinic,
 Gum biodh cuid diu 'nan laighe
 'S gun an lamhan ri 'n slinnein
 'S iad gun chlaiginn, gun chluasan.
 Ach an uairchinn ri sheadh.
 Sgaithteadh 'n casan o 'n cruachanaibh
 Le cruadal a Ghlinnich.

'S mor am muiseag 'san trath so
 Air mo ghradh de na fearalbh,
 Mu 'n tagradh air Cnoideart
 A bhi 'm poca Mhic-Cailain.—
 'S lomadh uisge nach lugha,
 'S nach leigeadh claochaire thairis,
 As an dug thu do chasan
 Gu coiseachd a dh-aindeoin.

Rud a's mo orm mar chruaidh-chuis
 Ann san uair so 'ga eisdeachd,
 Meud ardain mo chinnidh;
 Dia gan tilheadh gu reite.
 Air bhur tighinn gu fallain,
 Thugaibh aire do m' sgeul-sa,
 'S fhearr dhuibh dithisid 'san abhainn
 Na 'bhi grathunn bho cheile.

Aimh-reite Chlann-Domhnaill
 Leam 's neo-chomhnard a bheirt e;
 Gun do chuir e orm gruaman
 Coig uairean 's mi 'm chadal.
 'S ann a dh'eirich iad comhla

Leis a mhor fhein so bh' againn,
E-fhein 's 'Onair Sir Seumas
A bha 'reir an aon aignidh.

Ged tha 'Onair Sir Seumas,
Dhuit fhein mar a ta e,
B'ait leam Iarlachd Rìgh Fionna-Ghall
A chluinntinn mar b' aill leam.
Bheirinn bliadhna dhe m' shaogal,
'S gach ni 'dh' Thaotuinn a tharsainn,
'Chionn do choir a bhi sgriobhte
Bho laimh an rìgh gun dad failinn.

Mur bhi cliopaich mo theanga
Dheanainn seanachas mu 'n cuairt duit;
Tha do ranntaichean farsuinn,
A lub thaitneach a chruadail;
Chan 'eil Rothach, no Barrach,
Chan 'eil Gallach, no Tuathach,
Nach bu dleas da 'bhi leatsa,
An am caismeachd na h-uaire,

Gur a farsuinn do ranntachd,
Agus toann-sa ri 'cheile iad;
Gu bheil cuid diu gu cliuteach
Mu Ruta na h-Eireann,
Is cuid eile 'n Lochabar,
Ma 's a beachdaidh mo sgeul-sa;
'S bu cheud fealrrd thu iad agad
An am tapadh nan geur-lann.

Mac Pharlainn 's a chinneadh
Gur leat sin an am t' fheuma;
Is Clann-Donnachaidh bho Atholl
Ged is grathunn bho cheil' iad;
S' gur a leat Mac-an-Aba,
Le 'aitim mhoir mheadhraich,
'S Mac-Laomuinn 's Mac-Lachuinn
Nan glas lannan geura.

'Nuair a dheanteadh camp cruinn leibh
 'S neart bhur n-uillean ri 'cheile,
 Co a b' urrainn dol eadraibh
 'Nuair nach seasadh sibh fhein e?
 Ged tha ro-mheud bhur n-uabhair -
 'N diugh 'g ur buaireadh bhe cheile
 'S e 'n t-aon stoc as 'n do ghluais sibh.
 Fuil uasal Chuinn Cheud-chatbaich.

Co 'ni taice no tabhachd,
 No ni stath dhomh air domhan?
 Ma nitear leat m' fhagail
 Tha mi baite 'm muir dhombhainn.
 Chan 'eil neach 'dheanadh m' eucoir
 No shaltradh ceum ann am ghnothach.
 Nach tu b' urrainn a reiteach
 Fheadh 's a dh' eireadh tu romham.

'S mi nach iarradh mar bharant'
 'N lathair barra no bine
 Ach Tighearn' og Ghlinne-Garadh,
 Mo dheagh-charaid glan riomhach.
 Sgeul a's mo 'tha mi 'gearan,
 'S tha orm mar anshocair chinntich,
 Gun do shliochd a bhi t' aite
 'Dh-fhuas an la' theid ceann crich' ort.

Oircheas, pity, clemency. Innean, a hill or rock; also an anvil. Prabar, the rabble. Uair chinn, the side of the head. Muiseag, a threat-threatening. Rann, relationship, ancestry, pedigree. Am mor fhear so 'bh' againn, Mont-rose. Iarlachd righ Fionna-Ghall, the earldom of Ross.

Angus MacDonald, of Glengarry, was forfeited by Cromwell in 1651. His estate was given to the Marquis of Argyll, who gave it to Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, who gave it to the original

owner. Glengarry claimed the chiefship of the whole of the Clandonald. This led to a dispute with Sir James Macdonald of Sleat.

'S Ann Aig Taobh Beinne Buidhe

'S ann aig taobh Beinne Buidhe
'Sneas a bhuidheann nach gann;
Fìr a dheacadh an t-lubhar
S' chufreadh suibhal fo chrann,
S' diombach mise de 'r saothair,
Nuair a dhaom sibh an nall,
Nach deach steach air Gleannaora
'Ghearradh braisg nam beul cam.

Ach a Mhorair chlann Domhnall,
'S fad' do chomhnuidh measg Ghall;
A laelch aigeantach, phrisell,
'Fhìrurain-rìoghail an aigh.
Tha fìor mhaise an fhìona
Ad ghrualdh 'dreadh an aird;
'S tha thu 'shliochd nan trì Cholla
'G am biodh loingear air sail.

'S trungh nach robh leat na ceadan
De luch-sgeith agus lann,
De na h-oganaich threubhach
'Bhiodh nan leum 'san adbhans.
Bu ni cinnteach r' a eighreach
Co da 'n eireadh an call;
'S ann aig gear Ionaraora
Bhiodh na laelch 'dol gu camp.

Rìgh! nach robh iad an gainntir
Lan an teampull de shluagh,
De na Duibhneichibh Ionach;
• Is cha b' oill leinn iad bhualinn.

'S iomadh claidheabh geur guineach,
Laidir ' fulangach, cruaidh,
'Th 'aig mo chinneadh gam fèitheamh,
'S aig clann-Ghilleain nam buadh.

B' fhearr gun digeadh iad fhathas,
Clann-Ghilleain nan tuagh.
Cha bhiodh sgian an uchd fraighe,
'S cha bhiodh claidheabh an truaill.
Bheirteadh mach na h-airm chatha,
Ann an cabhaig le 'r sluagh;
'S ged bu ghuneach na Duibhnich,
Bhiodh Siol Chuan daibh ro chruaidh.

Tha mo rùn air na gillean
Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg.
Dh' eireadh fearg orr' is frioghan
Dhol an iomairt nan arm;
Dhol an null thar na lìne
Leis na fir a bha calm,
'Thort an duais' do na naimhdean
'Chleachd an t-ainneart cho searbh.

A dheacadh an t-fubhar, that would bend the
yew. Bows were made of yew, arrows gener-
ally of red-pine. Braolsg, a grin, a distortion of
the mouth. Fraigh, a cupboard, a shelf,

Ho Ro 's Fada 's Gur Fada.

LUINNEAG.

Ho ro 's fada 's gur fada.
Is cian fada gu leoir,
Bhon a chaidh thu air thuras
'Bhaille Lunnatna nan cleachd.
Nan cluinneadh tu fathunn
Bhuainn le rabhadh an eoin,
Is gun taoighleadh tu 'n rathad
'S mi nach gabhadh dheth bron.

A dheagh Mhorair Chlaun-Domhnall,
 Chum thu chomhall gu duineil,
 Nuair a shaoll an t-Iarl Aorach
 Do chur gan aebhar a Maile.
 Rha thu roimh' 'n Duneideann
 'S chum thu leugart mu cholnaimh;
 'S gun aon cisein a' t' aigneadh
 Dh' eisd thu chasaid an Lunnainn.

Tha sar phruipl air do chulaobh,
 'S math a b' fhiu dhut am faighneachd;
 Eoghan Abrach o'n Ghuibsaich,
 Cha doir cubaire greim dheth;
 Is Gilleasbig a Bhraighe
 Gu la bhrath nach bi 'm foill dhut,
 Mac-Mhic-Iain 'sa chinneadh
 Gun imicheadh 'n oidch' leat.

'S lomad marcalche statall,
 Gar an air mi ach cuid diu;
 Eadar gasta chaol Acuin.
 Gu slios Blar nam fear luidneach,
 Mar sin 's gu S' trath-Ardall
 Agus Braighe Bhochuldir,
 Bhiodh a leagadh gu statall
 'N eirig La Toma phubull.

'S lomad oganach cuimr,
 Laidir, ullamh gu tarruinn,
 Eadar Braigh' uisge Thurrald
 Is Caol Mulle nan canach,
 Ghearradh beum le arm guineach
 'S iad ag lomaid do 'n sheamainn,
 Ann an strig nam muineal
 A chaill fuil an Airdreanaich.

'S fad on chuala mi seanachas,
 'S mi nam sheana ghullan gorach,
 Greis mun d' chuir mi crios felle
 Os-clonn leine no cota,
 Aig luchd eolais gu soilleir

Anns gach coinnimh is comhall,
 Gum bu chairdeach an sloinneadh
 Sio! Mhoire 's clann-Domhnaill.

Leugart, a siege. Canach, a sturgeon.

In 1676 Lord Macdonell, Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel and Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch went to assist the Macleans against the Earl of Argyll. No fighting took place. John Lom expresses regret that the Macdonalds, Camcrons and Macleans did not enter Glenaray to cut the "wry mouths." The Earl of Argyll went to Edinburgh and thence to London to seek aid from the government against the Macleans and their allies. Lord Macdonell followed him. In February 1676 the matters in dispute between the Earl of Argyll and the Macleans were remitted to three lords of the privy council of Scotland for adjudication. The final result was that the Macleans of Duart were deprived of their lands; the Earl of Argyll got possession of them.

Oran.

DO MHOIRIÈ GHLEINNE-GARADH.

Cha b' e bas me cheann-cinnidh
 'Chuir mifein gu trom lomairt,
 Ach gun t'oilhre 'bhl 't ionad nuair dh' eug thu.

'M fear mor curanta, laidir,
'Bh' aig gach duine mar sgathan,
Bha na laighe gun chainnt an Duneideann.

Gun do charadh 'san talamh
M fear a chum ri Mac-Callein;
Bu tu 'n urrainn a chasadh na sreine.

Thug thu Cnoideart dheth 's tuilleadh,
'S lagh an rìgh air do mhuineal,
'S sheas thu roimh' ann am Mullle le d' threun
fhìr.

Rinn Mac-Coinnich Cheanntaille
Is Mac-Shimi na h-Airde
Garbh choinneamh gu sathadh le chell' ort.

A ch nuair chunnac na seoid ud
Gum biodh cuannart sa chomhall,
'S ann a b' fhearr leo gu mor a bhi reidh riut.

Marbhrann do Mhorair Ghlinne- Garadh.

'S beag an t-longhnadh mi 'lìathadh,
'S i so bhliadhn' a bhuail brog orm.

'N diu 's mi 'gabhail an rathaid
'S trom a thathail de bhron orm.

Gun do chaochail mi cruitheachd,
Dh' fhag mo splonnadh 's mo threoir mi.

Gur h-i dileab na dunaich'
'Tha mi 'buntuinn 'am phocaid.

A ghrabhat 'bha mu 'l' mhuineal,
'S tric i cruinneachadh dheoir orm.

Dh' fhag mi taisgt' an Duneideann
Na sgar o chelle mo mhorchuis.

An ciste chumhainn nan sllos-bhord
Fo lic nan stol reata;

Fo chasan luchd-bhriogais;
Gur h-e mise 'th' air mo leonadh.

'S ann a thog thu 'n tur dealbhach
Goirid gearr o Loch-Lochaidh.

Chunnaic mis' Inbhir-Gharaidh
Muirneach, aighearach, ceolmhor.

Bhiodh an cup ann ad chearr-laimh
Is e dearlan gu dortadh.

Nualr a chuir' an lan strachd air,
Gum b'e 'm fath 'chumail comhnard.

'S tha 'nis do thalla mor greadhnach
Gun solus coinne, gun cheol ann;

Is do sheomraichean geala
Gun smuid, gun deathach, gun cheo dhiu.

Lord Macdonell died in 1682.

Cumha do Ghilleasbig Na Ceapich.

Moch Disathuirn', mo bheud!
Ghluals geur chlaidheabh fo m' sgeith;
'S tric leam caradh nan treith fo 'n fhold.

Tha leannndubh air mo chradh,
'Chuir mo shugradh gu iar,
Ged is subhaltach cach ag ol.

Mo cheann-taighe 'n robh feum,
Dha 'n robh labhairt le ceill,
Tha na shineadh fo dheile bhord;

'N ciste ghuibhais chaoll, bhain,
'N deidh a h uidheam sig cach,
An taigh-fiodha fo bhlath nan ord.

Nuair a bhiodh tu 'n Loch-Treig,
Bu dluth tholladh tu beinn;
Bu tu marbhaich' an eisg le leois;

Agus coisich' a chairn,
Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg,
'Bhetreadh fuil air damh nan croc.

Nuair a bha thu gu tinn,
Gun robh t' aigneadh air leinn
Mar bha aigneadh is inntinn Iob.

Bha do lamhan a suas,
'N deidh do labhairt 'thoirt bhuait,
Ris an Athair 's ri Uan na glair.

Nuair a ranig mi 'chruach,
Bha mi 't ionndraichinn bhuam;
Bha do mbulad a tualrgneadh òrm.

Cha bu spuillear air sluagh
Dha 'n do ruisgeadh an uaigh;
Bha mo dhiubhall air ghuallnibh sloigh.

Tha do chinneadh gu leir
Lan de thiomadh ad dheidh,
'Mhic an fhir o Loch-Treig an fheoir.

'S iomadh laoch bu ghlan fiamh
'Bh' air a Cheapich mar thriath;
Galgich chalma 'bhiodh dian 'san toir.

Fuireach Raonuill bho 'n tir
Cuis bu mhisd' sinn gar dlith,
Chuir sud m' aigneadh a sios trath-noin.

'S ann an torachd nan each
Dh' fhag mi 'n t-og a b' fhearr dreach;
Cha do dhiobair a chlach an t-ord.

Chuir mi ceannard an t-sluaigh,
 Le dha leanabh, 'san ualgh,
 Fath mo ghearain 's mi fuasgladh dheoir.

'S ann na shineadh san allt
 Bha ceann-taighe mo ghraldh,
 Ged a thuit tha le dearmad leo.

A Cholla cuimhnich 's gach gniomh
 Ciu do shinnse bho chian;
 Seas do righ, agus Dia, 's a choir

The 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th verses may or may not belong to the poem. The 13th verse refers to Raonull Og, and the 14th verse to his son Angus. It is said that 15th and 16th verses also refer to Angus. They may; still 15th verse may refer to Donald Glas and his murdered sons, while the 16th may refer to Alasdair Buidhe, who was drowned in the Spean ! It is likely that some will be ready to say that John Lom would never refer to Donald Glas's sons as "da leanabh." The word leanabh is sometimes applied to a person under the age of twenty-one, or a minor. Raonull na Sgeithe speaks of Ailain Muideartach as a "leanabh" at the battle of Rinrory or Killiecrankie. Allan was at that time about nineteen years of age.

Oran Do Mhac-Gilleán Dhu- bhairt.

Mur bhl 'n abhainn air fas oirna,
'S tuil air eirigh 's na h-athan,
Bhithinn latha roimh chach air a chomhdhall.
Mur bhl, &c.

'S bocht an eiridinn paisde,
Nuair a bhuall an lot bals e,
Bhl gun cheirein, gun phlasda, gun Theolrnein.

'Sann de'n choinnimh a 's míosa,
'N garadh-droma air bristeadh
Mar gum pronnadh sibh sligean le ordalbh.

'S ann de dh' fhortan bhur cuise,
Ma 's e 'n torc 'th' oirbh a mulseag,
'Gun deid stopadh na mulre 'na phoralbh.

Tha scriob gheur nam peann gearra
'Cumail díon' air Mac-Callein,
'S e cho briathrach rí parrald 'na chomhradh.

Thug sibh bhualdhne le spleadhan
Eilean lle ghlaís, laghalch,
Is Cíntire le 'mhaghannan gorma.

Ghlac an slonnach greim teanchrach
Air deagh chinneadh mo sheanmhar;
'S lag an íomairt ge h-ainmeil an seots' iad.

Dh fhalbh bhur cruadal 's bhur gaisge,
Le Eachann Ruadh 's le Sir Lachinn,
'Th' anns an uaigh far 'n do thaisgeadh 'san
t-sról iad.

'S Lachinn Mor a fhuair urram,
Chaidh a bhualadh an Gruineart,
Cha dugt' uáhd' ranachd Mhulle rí 'bheo dheth.

Is math mo bharail is m' earbas,
 Mur a roghainn gun dearmad,
 Nach bu chladhaire earbach Fear Bhrolais.

'N eaglais I Chalum Chille,
 Tha suinn chrochda gun fionna
 'Chaisgeadh doruinn 'sa thilleadh an torachd.

'S n.or gum b' fheirde dream stata
 Nan each seang-fhada fiadhich
 Eoghan Abrach Loch-Iall agus Lochidh.

Eiridinn, a nursing of, or attending on, the
 sick. Ceirein, a poultice. Feoirnein, a pile of
 grass. Muire, the leprosy. Spleadhan, false-
 hoods, fictions. Teanchair, a vice.

Tuaineal a Chnatain ;

ORAN DO SHIR EOGHAN LOCH-IALL.

Cha b' e tuaineal a chnatain
 'Chuir mi 'm dhusgadh 'sa mhaduinn,
 Ach an tuchan 's 'tha 'marcachd sir m' fheithibh.

Fear do chaille bhi 'n Sasunn,
 Gun fhios nach b'eigneach a bheirt e,
 Ma thig eug ort an talce rìgh Seurlas,

A chraobh stailinn chraoidh, chullinn,
 'Chaidh air saile bhuainn do Lunnainn;
 'S teart mo ghair' gus an cluinnear deagh sgeul
 ort.

Do thigh 'nn fallain, slan, bhualthe,
 Mar ruaig falais bharr cruadhlach,
 No bho gharadh a ghualt 's nam balg-seididh.

Dh' fhalbh Mac-Cailain, fear-buairidh,
 Le sac gearrain do thuailleas,
 Chdr a' ghearaidh an clusaidh Rìgh Seurlas.

Ged a scriobteadh leat Muile,
 Bhiodh tu 'g iarraidh gu tuilleadh,
 'Chur robh 'm bliadhna 's an uiridh cho reidh
 dhut.

'S iomad talgheadas orall,
 Muirneach, alghearach, ceolmhor,
 A greas t' athair gu foirnan na deirce;

Dh 'an robh bèathachadh boidheach,
 'Tha 'n diugh ga chaitheamh mu d' bhord sa;
 Cleas na fatha 'cur fo a cheart eigia.

Cleas a bhaigeir mbeir lai lir
 'Rinn a shaidseach a charadh,
 Leis gach baldreig a thahadh ri chelle.

Ach b'ait leam Duibhnich 'san dranndall,
 Iad fo dhruim an Tuir Fhrangich,
 Agus cuibhreach ro theann air am feithibh.

'S maig a dhuisgeadh a chadal
 'N iaoch nach muchteadh le bagradh
 'S e borb, ardanach, acuinneach, gleusta.

Ghabh thu 'bhraid air do mhuineal,
 Nach gabhadh each orra 'chunnart,
 'Thoir do chairdean a tonnalbh na feithe,

'Eoghin oig Thorr-a-chaisleil,
 Rinn thu choir mar mo bheachd-sa;
 Thog thu cro agus geata nach leum iad.

Thog thu bard ann an Dubhairt,
 Streap thu 'm barr croinne glubhis,
 Leat bu mhiann a bhi 'n cruitheachd an dreu-
 gain.

Thog thu 'n t-srol-bhratach bhuidhe
 Os-clonn stol nam pic iubhair;
 Caol chorcach an slubhal gach te dhiubh.

Nam biodh a chuis mar a theirinn,
 Bhiodh tu d' dhiuc thar nan eilain;
 Leat bu mhiann a bhi d' speireig 'sna speuraibh,

Is ann latha Sron-Nibheis,
 Bu droch cocaire gill 'thu;
 Chuir thu spogan air bhloiribh, 's dhroch-
 ghreidh thu.

Thug thu faragradh fairge
 Do luchd nam falluinean dearga;
 Bha ruith fala 'bha searbh chaibh mu 'n sleis-
 dibh.

Fhuair thu garbh-bhata cuilinn,
 'Cheud la dhearbh thu bhi 'd dhuine,
 Mun d' fhas calg ort de dh-fhlonnadh no 'dh-
 fheusaig.

Cha bu shugradh do sheana-choin
 An cnaimh smuals 'tholrt a d' dhream-chraos,
 Nuair a theannadh tu teanchair do dheudich.

Cha bu shugradh do sgolleir
 Dol a dhrinnidh ri d' choleir,
 Nuair a thionndadh tu chorr-fhiacail gheur ris.

Le luchd nam feadan dubh-ghorm,
 D' am bu fhreagarrach fudar,
 'Nuair a spreigeadh na h-uird ri spuirt gheura;

'Bheiread dusradh le an-lochd
 Air garbh udlach' an langain,
 Triath ard stucach, mor, eangach an t-sleibhe.

Bhiodh an t-sull, air neo 'n t-eanchion,
 Mu dheireadh drughadh bhuir n-eanrich:
 Cha bhi mis ga sheanachas na's leir ahomh.

Falasg, a moor-burning Foirinn, aid, help.
 Fath, a mole. Braid, a collar. Bard, a dyke or
 fence, a garrison. Saidseach, a beggar's mantle.
 Faragradh, a bathing, a floundering. Udlache,
 a stag. Stucach, surly. Eangach, nimble-
 footed.

Biodh an Uidheam so Triall.

Biodh an uidheam so 'triall
Gu ceann-uidhe nan ciliar,
Far 'm bu chuibhe 's 'm bu mhiann le 'r seoid.

Gu tur meadhrach neo chrion
Nan cinn-fheadhna 's glan liomh,
A chuir gheadhnach bho 'n rìoghall gloir.

Bha mi fada mu thuath;
Gun d' lion fadachd mi 's gruaim;
Cha bu chadal domh uair air choir.

Bheir mi 'n ruathar so null
'Shealltaian oighe Dhurstuim;
Gum meal thu 'n staofeadh bho thus ri d' bheo.

uchair gileals nach bath,
'Chuir do fhradharc thar chaich;
'S tu a thaghainn de 'n al s' tha beo.

B' fhearail t' fhaicinn air sràid
Le d' chiabh-fhalt bachelach gu iar;
Ur la maiscach 's neo-thaireil oirnn.

Macall, maighdeanall, ur,
Faicheil, faldhreachail, cluin,
Marcaich' greadhnach nan cru-each gorm.

Bhiodh eich sheanga nan leum,
'Doi nan deannalbh 'san reis,
'S fir a screamadh nan sreic' r' am beoll.

Mach o Mhorair nan steud,
Le 'n cluinnt' eragan nan teud,
'S tu a b' fhoirmeile beus trath-noin.

Leat a dh' eireadh na laich:—
Do shluagh fhein bhiodh ri d' thaobh;
Sud na treun-fhir nach maom san toir.

Mac-Mhic-Ailein o 'n chuan,
Le luingeas daraich lom, luath;
Luchd nan leadan le 'm buailtheadh stroic.

Mac-Mhic-Alasdair treun
Bho Gleann-Garadh nan geug;
Buidheann bharrail nach geill fè egod.

Bu leat Banaich bho thuath,
Clann-Ghillandrais nan tuagh,
Agus Rothaich le 'm buailtibh bho.

Bu leat buidheann mo rùn,
Air nach laigheadh mi-chlù,
Thig le Alasdair piseil og.

Is fir Eirinn a risht'
'Chuir thu fein air do thi;
'S iad a dh' eireadh le strith mu d' dhorn.

Clar, a brave man. Faicheil, stately. Faidhreachail, showy. Stroic for strac, a blow. Sgod, command, rule. Uiseil, courteous, dignified. Oighre Dhuntuilm, Macdonald of Sleat. Morair nan steud, either the Marquis of Huntly or Glengarry. Clann-Ghillandrais, the Rosses. Alasdair Og, apparently Alexander Robertson of Strowan, who was born about 1636. The Clan Donnachie fought with great bravery under Montrose. They were commanded by Donald, Alexander's uncle. Morair nan steud, either Lord Macdonell or the Marquis of Huntly.

Oran do Mhac-Dhomhnaill Shleite.

A bhean leasich an stop dhùinn,
'S lion an cupa le solas.
Ma 's a brandi no beoir i,
Tha mi toileach a h-ol
An deoch 's air Caipitin Chlann-Domhnaill.
An triath aigeantach og 'thig o 'n chaol.

M fear nach duralchd a h-ol,
 Gun tuiteadh 'n t-suil air a bhord as,—
 Tha mo dhurachd do 'n oigear
 Crann cuthraidh Chlann-Domhnaill;
 Rìgh nan dul bhi gad chomhnadh 'fhir chaoimh

Greas mu 'n cuairt feadh an taigh' i,
 'Chum 's gun gluaisinn le aighear,
 Le sliochd uaibhreach an athar
 'Choisinn buaidh leis a chlaidheabh;—
 Fion ga ruagadh 's ga chaitheamh gu daor.

Sar fhear-marcachd nan steud thu,
 'Dh' fhas gu fathasach, feilidh,
 De shliochd gasda Chuinn cheutaich,
 A bha tathaich an Èirinn;
 Ged 'fhuair an claidheabh 's an t-eug oirbh
 agriob.

Bhiodh an t-inbhar ga lubadh
 Aig do fhleasgaichean ura,
 Dhol a shiubhal nan stuc-bheann,
 Anns an uighe, gun churam,
 Leis a bhuidhtan roimh 'n ruisgteadh na gill.

Tha mo dhuil anns an Trianaid,
 Nach dig laigsinn air t' fhion-fhuil;—
 Slat thu 'n chuileann bha ciatach,
 'Dh' fhas gu furanach, flalaidh,
 'Sheasadh duineil air bialaobh an rìgh.

'Nam dhuit gluasad o t' aithribh,
 Le d' oheol cluais' agus calsmeachd,
 Roimh fhir uasal nan glas-larn,
 Dha 'n robh cruadal is gaisge,
 B' e do shuaineas barr gaganach fraoich.

'N am cur t' inbhrach air doigh dhuit,
 Le croinn ghasda 's le corcaich,
 Bhiodh an combhlan 'bu bhoiche
 'G iomairt chleusan gu h-eolach,
 Seal mu 'n tog't oirre ro-seol bho thir.

Nuair a chairteadh fo luchd i;
 Bhiodh tarruinn suas air a cupuill,
 Bord a fuairidh 's ruith cuip air,
 Tuinn ri fuaigheil a fliuch-bhuird,
 Sruth mu guallibh 's i suchte le gaoith.

Shliochd nan curaibhnean talmhaidh,
 Leis 'n do chuireadh cath Garbhaich,
 Air an turas 'bha ainmeil.—
 Fhuair mi urrad de 'r seanachas
 'S gun robh taigh is leth Alba fo 'r cis.

'S iomad neach a fhuair coir uaibh
 Ann san am ud le goraich.
 B' ann diu Rethaich is Rosaich,
 Is Clann-Choinnich 's n Leodaich,
 Mac-Gilleain o 'n Dreolluinn 's Mac-Aoidh.

Shliochd nam milidh bha fearail,
 Luchd nam pios 's nan cup geala
 'Thogadh sìoda ri crannaibh,
 'S a bhiodh dileas 'sa charraid;
 Bhiodh pic riomhach nam meallan 'na teinn.

B' e bhuir suascheantas taitneach,
 Leoghann colgarra, spracail,
 Long nan ard chrann is 'bradan
 Air chuan Ìobharr' an aigeil,
 'S an lamh dhearg roimh na gaisgich nach tiom.

An Duntuiln nam fear fallain,
 Gum bu ghreadhnach luchd-ealaidh,
 'Gabhail failte le caithrinn,
 As na claisaichean glana,
 Do mhnai oig nan teud bassala, bina.

Nuair bu sgith de luch-theud sibh,
 Gheibht' am Bioball ga leughadh,
 Le fìor chreideamh gu ceillidh,
 Mar a dh'ordaich Mac De dhuibh;
 'S ghabhteadh teagasg na cleir' leibh le sith.

'Mhic Shir Seumas nan bratach,
 O bun Sleite nam bradan,
 A ghilac ceile na maise,
 Cum an reit' air a casan,
 Bi gu reusonta, macanta, min:

Gum a slan 's gum a h-ìomhlan
 Anns gach ni a' s fearr iomradh
 Do theaghlach rìgh Fionnaghal.
 Oighre dlùicheach Dhuntullm thu,
 'S olar deoch air do chuirn gun bhi sgìth.

The foregoing song was composed about Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat. Sir Donald married, in 1662, Mary, daughter of Robert Douglas, third Earl of Morton. It will be noticed that the poet does not speak of Sir Donald as the chief or ceann-cinnidh of the Macdonalds; he styles him their captain.

Oran do Mharcus Atholl.

Slan gun dìth dhuit, a Mharcus,
 Dìreach, maiseach, gun chromadh;
 Da shuill ghorm fo d' chaol mhala,
 Nach d' fhas balachall, bronnach.
 Cheart cho cinnteach sam bas,
 Ged tha thu 'n drast as an t sealladh,
 Gu bheil mulad fo 'd chliabh ort
 Mu bhas triath Gblinne-Garadh.

B' fheumall dhutun' e 'n am muisg,
 Le beachd mo shul gur mi chunnalc.
 Cha robh againn de sgathan
 Ach greasa' trath do 'n talgh-ghrunnalc,

Aisling cuid mar an durachd,
Bha mi-run ac' do 'n duin' ud
Ged bu ladarna 'n culchaint,
Stad a chuis air an iomall.

Cha b' e aingeachd na tuatha
'Ghluais am Marcus le 'dhaoinne.
'S ann a thog e a bhratach
'G iarraidh smachd air luchd aobhair.
Fhuair thu luchair na corach
Gu t' ordagh le d' dhaoinne;
Agus fosgladh gach caisteil
Bha fo smachd an Iarl' Aorach.

Gheill Dunsta'nnis grad dhuit,
Innis fharsuinn nam faochag,
Ged bu'daingeann a chlachan
Fhuair thu steach air bheag saothreach.
Cha robh cuilibheil caoil glitce,
No gunna praise gun sgaoileadh,
Bho Innis Chonnain nan canach
Gu ruig ball' Ionaraora.

'S Ard-Liftenant o 'n righ thu
Thug thu sgrìob 'dh-Earragbaidheal;
Bu leat Tairbeart 's Cinnire,
'S gach aon ni bha 's gach ait dhiu;
Agus Ile, bheag, riabhach
Mu 'n fadh a mhuir shal'each.
'S goirt a chnead a tha 'm chliabh-sa,
Fhad 's bha 'n t lasad gun phalgheadh.

Tighearn' og Ghliune-Garadh
Cha bhi falach a ruin ort;
Oighr' an duin' e 'tha maireann,
'S e ar caraid e duballt.
Chan fheil neach air an talamh
Ni ar sg tradh o chulaobh,
Bhiodh stiol Chu'nn leis gu daingeann,
Ged bhiodh falachd a chruin ris.

'S e do charid mor dealaidh
 Mac-Mhic Allein a Muideart,
 'S Mac-Mhic Raonnill na Ceapich,
 Le 'fhir dheasa nach diultadh.
 'S iad nach cuireadh cainb shalach
 No taibheid ealamh ri cul-chrann,
 'Bheireadh beum air a h-athlorg
 Fhad's a mhaireadh dhaibh fubhaidh.

'S leat Clann-Iain o 'n Innein,
 Dream nach tilleadh le gealtachd;
 Bhiodh an claidhean air mhìre
 Anns an loma-t ri casgairt.
 'S leat Mac-Laomuin 's Mac-Lachinn,
 'S Mac-an-Ab' o Ghleann-dochairt,
 Is Mac-Neachdainn 's Mac-Dhughail,
 'S Mac-Iain-Stiubhairt o 'n Apunn.

Is beag t' aobhar 'bhi fiamhach
 An taobh shìos do Bhunatha,
 Ged theid Duibhnich gu 'n dìchìoll,
 Is gu dideann a chlaidhibh.
 'S lomadh triath 'bhiodh san strìth leat,
 Cheart cho cinnteach ri saighead.
 'S leat Mac Fhionghain an t-Sratha
 Agus da Mhac-Gilleain.

'S fhearr leam fhaicinn na chluinntinn,
 Gun d' stad a chuing air am muineal.
 'Nìs on fhionndaidh a chuibhle,
 'S fad bhìos Duimhnich gun urram.
 Ged a shàill le Mac Caillein
 E bhi na bharan air Mùle.
 B' fhearr dha 'chumail na bh' aige
 Na bhi 'g agradh air tuilleadh.

Nam biodh fear a bheoil mhoir ann,
 Bho nach doirteadh gloir bhreamais,
 Nalle chailleadh sibh geoldh ris,
 Nach deant' a rostadh ri telne.

Fhuair sibh sgapa dh' nan caorach
 Nam blodh a dhaoib' air an talamh;
 'S ged a ghlac sibh le foill e,
 'B e-fhein an saighdear 'bu ghlaine.

Gur maig a dh' earbadh a cairdeas
 Neach a dh' fhas air an t-sloinneadh,
 Nam blodh cuimhn' air an lath' ud
 Fhuair iad t' athair fo 'n comas.
 Chuir iad smuid ri tuir arda
 Chaitell Bhlair gu gle shoilleir.
 'S beag bha dhochas an la sin
 Gum blodh iad paighe na chomain.

'S mor tha eadar dha latha,
 Ged bha e grathunn gun tighinn.
 Chaidh thu 'n cuil' na bu leatha
 An deidh t' athar a mhilleadh.
 Gun aon bhuille le claidheabh,
 Gun sathadh aighe no blodaid;
 Mar gum bathadh tu coinnlean,
 Chail e oighreachd 's a chinneadh.

'S beag a b' fhiach do 'n triath Mholreach
 'Dhol 'nur coinnimh ach ainneamh,
 No a ghabhail mar chompach
 'M fear le 'n geall' bhi na charaid
 Air a chomasdair Stuibhart
 'S trom a bhruchd na fir charach,
 Chuir sibh 'n ceann deth gun sgrubadh,
 'S gum bu ghulneach bhuir n' anlochd.

Buail na treudan gu sealbhach,
 'S na deun searbh iad gun bhinneas,
 'S na doir t' aghaidh gu cearbach
 Do 'n fhear nach earb thu ri d' shleinninn.
 Ma chuir an righ an t-slat egiursaidh
 'N glaic do dhuirn gun a cireadh,
 Uair mu seach aig an fhuirneis,
 Mar bhuill' uird air an innein.

Gloir do 'n Rìgh th' air a chathair,
 'S aobhar aighir is solais
 Mar a thachair do 'n Iarla
 'Chleachd cho iargalt' a a chumhachd,
 Ma 's e droch-bheairtean Iudais
 'Dh' fhuair an ghid air an Lunnainn,
 Chaill e 'n luitreach 's na breidean,
 Is gach eideadh 'bha uime.

'N cuala sibhse 'ean duthaich
 An ranntar-buth' 'bh' aig na luchaidh,
 'S iad a cruinneachadh ri 'chelle
 'Nan dioch reiseamaid churta.
 Nuair bha eagal a chait orr',
 Chaidh droch sgapadh an cuid diu;
 'S a bneis mhòr 's an robh phlaigh dhiu,
 Sgròis gun agh oirr, gun fhurtachd.

Nuair a labhair Dubh 'n Amraidh,
 'Bheist ghrannnd 's a chainn mhullach,
 Cha robh 'n sabhal no 'n ath dhiu
 Bliad le h-al nach de chruinnich.
 Nuair bha 'm mod 'g 'ur cruaidh sharach'
 'S na cuird ri 'm fasgadh mu 'r muinnell,
 'S ann an sin a bha 'n gatar
 Co a charadh iad umailbh.

Nuair bha 'n ad oirbh an utridh,
 Bha sibh urranta, stralceil;
 'M bliadhna chaill sibh an currachd,
 'S feumair fultreach gle shamhach.
 Chaill an t-Iarl air bhuir turas
 Mhead 'sa bhuinig e mhal oirbh;
 Ach cha b' fhlach leis an duin' ud
 A bhl cruinneachadh chambaig.

B' olc a b' fhlach do dh-Iarl Atholl
 'Dhol an' colnnimh rint Eirde,
 'N deidh latha Boinn-Liothuinn;
 Thug sibh fochslaint mar earlas.

Mheall sibh 'null thar na h-abhunn
 Iarla Atholl 's a bhrathair;
 Chuir sibh 'n laimh an toll-buth iad,
 'S leig sibh dathaich Iarl' Earlaidh.

Tha do thiodalan lionmhor,
 'Cumail dìon a'f de chairdean.
 Tha, thu 'd mharcus am bliadhna,
 'S gur tu iarl Thulaich-Bheardinn.
 Geard an rìgh tha fo t' ordagh,
 'S thu 'd mhorair Ghlinn-Amuinn.
 'S ged a dheanadh iad diuc dhìot
 Bu mhath 'b' fhu thu an t-aite.

Ranatar-buth, a wild confused dance Curta,
 bad, infamous Amrakth, a cupboard.

In July, 1640, the Earl of Argyll plundered the Earl of Airly's lands and destroyed his castle, the bonnie house of Airly. Shortly afterwards he captured by stratagem John, first Earl of Athole of the Murray family, and sent him to prison in Edinburgh. The Earl of Athole died in June, 1642. He was succeeded by his son, John. John, second Earl of Athole, was appointed Captain of the King's Guards in 1670, created Marquis of Tullibardine in 1676, and appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Argyll in 1681.

Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll, was condemned to death in 1681, on the groundless charge of high treason. He

escaped from prison and fled to Holland. He took part in Monmouth's rebellion in 1685. He was captured by a man named Riddell on the banks of the Clyde, and sent to Edinburgh, where he was beheaded June 30th, 1685. One cannot wonder that the Campbells detested Riddell just as much as John Lom detested Macleod of Assynt.

Oran.

Airfeachd Rìgh Seumas a gluasad gu blar,
Baon-Ruairi.

'S mithich dhuinn mearsadh 'nis as an tìr so,
Bhon chuir sinn dìth air feoll nam mart.
N deidh a bhì 'n ordagh tamull le 'r mor-shulagh
Dh' innich ar n-olgrìdh bhuainn am mach.
'Chuillein ghrinn oig, ma tha thusa leoint',
Gun seall an Rìgh Mor riut anns gach beirt.
Air maduinn Dimalrt 's ann thoisich am mear-
sadh,
'S facal gach seirdsin 'ruith oirnn mu seach.
Aig leth-taobh an t-saile tharruinn na h-armuinn
'Suas 'nam bragadaibh dan' gu ro cheart;
Mu bheul an anmòch shuidhich slun campa,
'S dh' imich ar ceannard bhuainn am mach.
Facal ar Colrìneil ri Sir Domhnall
Mar ri ar n-ordagh 'bhi 'n ar glaic;—
"Na leigibh bonn dall' an seasamh a gheird
Is cumaidh 'ur naimhdean bhuaidh am mach."

Bu fhliuch a mhaduinn a thog sinn ar breacain,
'S a chaidh sinn air astar gus an taigh 'd an robh
chairt

Nuair 'rinn sinn eirigh gu 'n d' rinn sinn ar
n-eideadh,

Is chaidh sinn 'n ar léum fo na cnapanann saic.
'Sbu lughaid ar n-airtneal nuair 'thanig am
feasgar,

Nuair 'loisgeadh an lasag 'bu fhoamhor srad;
Bho cheann Loch-Iall gu 'n d' rinn sinn triall,
'S nuair chom a ghrian gus d' rinn sinn stad.

Aig ceann Loch-Lochaidh shùillich sinn campa,
La roimh Dhìomhaich 's da la 'na dheidh;
Chruinnich ar cairdean uil' air an laraich,
'S thog iad an lamhan an lathair Mhic De.
Bu bheag anspais do dh-aifgiod no spreidh,
'S gun d' fhag sinn 'n ar deidh ar mnathan 's ar
clann;

'Cheart aindeoin gach lochd, ged chluirt' againn
corp,

Cha dean sinn bonn clos gus an cosgrar leinn
Goll.

Labhair an Greumach, fear an deugh nadair,
'Chlanna nan Gaidheal, na falceam bhur
gruaim;

Togailbh 'ur n-inntinn, thanig an tim dhuibh,
'S mithich dhuinn mearsadh 'n tìr so shuas.

Dh' fhalbh sinn am mach gu h-inntinneach,
statail,

Gus an do ranaig sinn braighe Ghlinn-Ruaidh,
'Mach ri Gleann-turaid 's monadh 'sin Dhru-
mainn,

Dn' imich gach duine 'bha guineach 'san ruaig.

'Mach monadh Dhruim Uachdair dh' imich na
h-uaislean

A bu mhor cruadal is 'bu bheag sgios;

Nuair 'ranig sinn Atholl cha d' fhuair sinn ach
mnathan;

Chaidh fir as an rathad mu 'n gabhteadh dhiu
cis.

'N deidh mheadhon latha 's sinn a falbh air ar
n-athais

Air leth-taobh na h-abhunn ghabh sinn a sios;
Thanig marcach steach air beulaobh na glaic
'Dh' inns' gun danig am prasan 's an Coirneal
Mac-Aoidh.

B' aithghearr an ceilidh rinn muinntir Rìgh
Seumas,

Leth-taobh an t-sleighe ghabh iad a suas;

Bu shiubhlach fallus a sios gach mala

A dìreadh a bhealaich an taobh mu thuath.

Ceannard na buidhne dh' imich roim' mhuinntir,
Pàirte de ar n-ionndrainn e a bhl uainn.

B' algeannach sporsail aigeadh Chianin-Domh-
naill,

Ged fhuair iad an leonadh bu deonach leo 'n
uair.

Ghluais gach fine gun tlatha, gun tiomadh,

Gun sgath, gun ghiorag 'rian ionadaibh fein;

Chaidh sinn gu statail 'm broilleach ar namhaid,
'S cha tilgteadh crann sathte an la sin gun
fheum.

Aig deireadh an latha gun d' tharruinn sinn
claidheabh;

Bha toiseach ar sgathaidh 'n am laighe do 'n
ghrein.

'Cheart cindeoin an sparraidh, ge bu laidir am
bàrail,

Gun chàill iad am fearann 's an t-anam 'da
dheidh.

A cheannaird an aigh gun d' thuit thu sa bhlar,
'S bu sgathach do lamh gus an daoig an uair.

'S e do bhas a Dhundithe 'dh' fhag ormesa trom
lighe,

'Chuir toll an am chridhe 's dh' fhag snigh' air
mo ghruaidh.

Bu bheag airson t' eirig na thuit de na belsdean
An cogadh Rìgh Seumas, ged dh-eirich leinn
bualdh.

Ach sgapadh nan culleag air mulantir Rìgh
Uilleam;

Tha sìne fo mhulad ged chuir sinn iad bhuainn.

Coirneal Ram-aidh bu mhor bha anntlachd

Ann an am bhì 'tighinn a steach

Bha sinne cho aingidh, 's guineach gu 'r naimh-
dean,

Greim air Gall cha leigeamid as.

A Choinneil Bhalfuir, a dhuinne gun diu,

Fhuair thus' tha mi 'n duil na dh' iarradh tu 'n
chath;

Bhrist iad do chrùn is t' ad air do shuilean,

'S ghearr iad do bhutainn air culaobh do chas.

Lieutenant Donald Campbell, author of "The Language, Poetry and Music of the Highland Clans," had a fuller and better version of the foregoing song than the one given above. It is to be feared, however, that it has been lost. The song is generally ascribed to John Lom. I have heard it asserted, however, that it was his son that composed it.

Raon-Ruari.

An ainm an aigh nì mi tus,

Air a mheanmn' so 'tha 'm run,

Chan i so'n ainmeir mu'n duin an celtain oirnn.

Nach fhaic sibh loingeas an rìgh
Cur an spionnidh gu tìr,
Chan e'n t-Uilleam tha mi cho deidheil air.

Ach Rìgh Seumas 's a shìol '
A dh'ordich Dia gus ar dìon;
Cha rìgh iaisd d'am fiach dhuinn gèilleachdinn.

Ach mar dìg thu air ball
'S do leintean crìosa gan call,
Is ceud mède leam thall 'san Eipheil thu.

An comunn clogailteach, tlath,
'Shuidh an Ionad nan stait
Mar cho-mheata chuir Satan seula riu.

Paca sligheach nan cealg
D'am bu dlìgheach a mheirg,
Dhubh am sìtheach le saichar eucoir sibh.

Cha b'è 'm brathadair coir
'Bha cur gabhall fo'n fhold,
Ach fear an taigh' nach bu choir 'bu pheucan
daibh.

Ann sa bheilthe bheag og
'Bha fo bhalle Mhic-Dheors',
Gur a h-ìomad fear sroll 'bha reulte ann.

'S ìomad biorraid is gruag
'Bha gan spealtadh mu'n cnuac,
Bha fuil dhathte'na stualdh air fear am muigh.

Fhuair sibh deannal sa choill
Bho chruaidh lannaibh Shìol Chuinn,
'Chuir 'nur dennalbh thar tuim trom-chreuch-
dach sibh.

An Raon-Ruari nam bad
'S lìonmhor uaigh is corp rag,
Mìle sluasid is caib' gan leidigeadh.

A shar Chleibhirs nan each,
 Bu cheann-feadhn' thu air feachd,
 Mo chreach leir an tus gleachd mar dh'eirich
 dhuit.

Bu lasair theine dhaibh t' fhearg,
 Gus an d'eirich mi-shealbh;
 Bhuall am peileir fo earball t' eiddidh thu.

Bu mhor co-sgradh do lamh
 Fo aon chlogaidhe ban,
 'S do chorp nochduldh, geal, dan, gun eideadh
 air.

Cha robh eascarid suas
 Eadar Arcamh is Tuald,
 Mur bhl 'n tacaid a bhuall san eudann thu.

'Nuair bhruchd t' uaislean am mach,
 Cha sgaoth bhuachailleann mhart,
 Ach luchd-bua'adh nan cnap gu speireadal';

Air a bhruthach a stad
 Os-clonn dubhar nam bad,
 Luchd cur 'nan siubhal gu grad nan eucorach.

Clann-Domhnall an aigh,
 Luchd a chonnsach' gach blair;
 Cha do ghabh iad riamh sgath roim reubaltich.

Is lionmhor spalpaire dian
 'Bha fo d' bhratich 'dol sìos,
 Cha b' ascard ach lion do reiseamald.

Is lomadh fiuran deas og
 Gun lan duirn air de dh-fheoil,
 'Ghearradh claignean is smois, is feitheannan.

Mo ghaol an Domhnall Gorm og
 Bho'n tur Shleiteach's 's bho'n Ord;
 Fhuair thu deuchainn 's bu mhor an sgeula sin.

Mo ghaol an Domhnall Gorm og
 Bho'n tur Shleiteach's 's bho'n Ord;
 Fhuair thu deuchainn 's bu mhor an sgeula sin.

Mo ghaol an Tainistear ur,
 B' og am planntas mo run,
 'S cha b'e 'n campair air chul na sgeithe e.

Mo ghradh an t-Alasdair Dubh,
 Bho Ard-Gharridh nan sruth,
 'Chuir 'nan stubhal gu tiugh na reubaltich.

'S bha 'bhrathair eil' ann, Iain Og,
 'S dh' aomich pelleir troimh 'fheoil,
 'S caol a thearinn e beo bho' n spelletreachd.

Tha an cogadh so searbh,
 Air a thogail gu garg;
 Ge ceann nathrach bidh earrball peucaig air.

'S e Prionns' Uilleam 's a shluagh
 'Dh' fhag an duthich so truagh,
 Nuair a chuir iad thar cuan righ Seumas bhualinn.

Guidheam sgrìos orra 's plaigh,
 'S gort is miosguinn is bas
 Air an slòchd mar bh 'air al na h-Elpheite;

Gach aon latha dol 'los,
 Calgneadh claidhibh troimh 'm bian,
 'S coin a ' aitheamh an diol air sleibhtichibh.

Thig am Frangach a steach
 Le treun champa 'ehuid each,
 'S bidh do bhangaid 's do bhreac-staèig gleidhte
 dhuit.

Theid thu 'Hanobher air ais,
 Thig an cot dhìot an cals',
 'S i sean choir a choin ghla's a b 'fheumaille.

Mheall sibh 'null thar na h-abhunn
 Iarla Atholl 's a bhrathair;
 Chuir sibh 'n laimh an toll-buth iad,
 'S leis sibh duthaich Iarl' Earlaidh.

Tha do thiodalan Honnbor,
 'Cumail dìon a'f do chairdean.
 Tha, thu 'd mharcus am bliadhna,
 'S gur tu Iarl Thulach-Bheardiun.
 Geard an rìgh tha fo t' ordagh,
 'S thu 'd mborair Ghlinn-Amulna.
 'S ged a dheanadh iad diuc dhiot
 Bu mhath 'b' fhu thu an t-aite.

Ranatar-buth, a wild confused dance Curts,
 bad, infamous Amrakdh, a cupboard.

In July, 1640, the Earl of Argyle plundered the Earl of Airly's lands and destroyed his castle, the bonnie house of Airly. Shortly afterwards he captured by stratagem John, first Earl of Athole of the Murray family, and sent him to prison in Edinburgh. The Earl of Athole died in June, 1642. He was succeeded by his son, John. John, second Earl of Athole, was appointed Captain of the King's Guards in 1670, created Marquis of Tullibardine in 1676, and appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Argyll in 1681.

Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll, was condemned to death in 1681, on the groundless charge of high treason. He

escaped from prison and fled to Holland. He took part in Monmouth's rebellion in 1685. He was captured by a man named Riddell on the banks of the Clyde, and sent to Edinburgh, where he was beheaded June 30th, 1685. One cannot wonder that the Campbells detested Riddell just as much as John Lom detested Macleod of Assynt.

Oran.

Airfeachd Bìgh Seumas a gluasad gu blar,
Raon-Ruari.

'S mithich dhuinn mearsadh 'nis as an tìr so,
Bhon chuir sinn dìth air feoll nam mart.
N deidh a bhì 'n ordagh tamull le 'r mor-shulagh
Dh' innich ar n-oigrìdh bhuainn am mach.
'Chullein ghrinn oig, ma tha thusa leoint',
Gun seall an Rìgh Mor riut anns gach beirt.
Air maduinn Dimalrt 's aun thoisich am mear-
sadh,
'S facal gach seiridsin 'ruith oirnn mu seach.
Aig leth-taobh an t-saile tharruinn na h-armuinn
'Suas 'nam bragadaibh dan' gu ro cheart;
Mu bheul an annolch shuidhich sinn campa,
'S dh' imich ar ceannard bhuainn am mach.
Facal ar Coirneil ri Sir Domhnall
Mar ri ar n-ordagh 'bhi 'n ar glaic;—
"Na leigibh bonn dal' an seasamh a gheird
Le cumailbh 'ur naimhdean bhuaibh am mach."

A Mhìc ghloirmhoir na h-oighe,
 Coimhead foirneart ar righeachd.
 Co a b' urrainn ar smaladh,
 Ach do lamh-sa 'bhi sint' leinn!
 Falc an nise Prionns' Orains
 'Cur na coir' os a cinn oirnn.
 Dean oirnn cobhair, a Shlanaighir,
 Seall le baigh air gach tinn dhi'n.

A Rìgh chumhachdaich, fheartaich,
 Dha' n leir reachdan gach tìre,
 Cum air aghaidh an ceartas,
 'S an lagh seachranach pill e.
 Falc luchd nam breid dathte,
 'S gur a pailt iad san righeachd;
 Ma tha 'n eucoir nan aigheadh,
 Beum do shìalt' air gach tì dhiubh.

Nuair thanig Uilleam a Shasunn,
 'S e rinn aiseag a bhreamais;
 Thug e 'n righeachd air eiginn
 O'n athair-cell' a thug bean dha,
 Cha b' i reula nan duilean
 'Bha deanamh iull dhuit san aineol;
 Mar a bh' aig na trì rìghrean
 Nuair bha Iosa 'na leanabh.

Thug thu 'm follais an t-Slanaighair
 Sgeula grain do luchd-teagaisg,
 Bhrist thu fhein agus Marì
 'N ceat hramh aithne gu beadaidh.
 Ghlac thu coir brath 'r do mhathar
 Ann ad laimh gu aniochdmhor;
 Mar bhreun ghearran 'sa chathair,
 'S nach b' fhear-taighe de 'shllochd thu.

'S fìor mhallaicht' an lanan
 'Thum an Spàin anns an roinn ud,
 'Dh' fhaotluinn seilbh a cheart aindeoin

Le muthadh malairt an t-slaightir.
 Ged a stadadh an claidheabh
 Gun bhuill' a chait' mh ach na rinn e,
 Bidh fuil' ag eigh each am flathea;
 Ad dheidh a latha 's a dh-oidhche.

Nuair chaidh Whitehall a losgadh
 Bu mhall bhur choiseachd gun bhrogan.
 'S mi nach rachadh le pairti
 Air mhlor' a bhathadh na toite.
 Ma 's e daoine 'rinn suas e,
 B' fhaoin an cruadal 'san seoltachd.
 Chan fheil mi gearan, mo thruaigh',
 Ach' lughad 's fhuair ann an rostadh.

Cha dig ach rucas is cealgan
 O chruit' an cearbach an raball.
 Cuiridh 'n t-albhistear saoil ris,—
 Bidh Dia is daoine ga aicheadh.
 Cleas eud bean a chruiteir,
 'Rinn an trusdairachd ghrainell,
 Thog iad airesan mar ursgeul
 Gun do mhurt e 'dhearbh bhrathair.

Gum bu ghranda na sgeoil sin
 'Thog na deamhnan ga dhlbeirt,
 Is a sgaill iad gun dearbhadh
 Mar bhuille searbh da 'n luchd-mioruin;
 Gun cuirt' isean a chlamhain
 An nead clannach an fhireoin,
 Mac mucaill a bhalaich
 'Shalachadh fala nan righrean.

'S maig righ a rinn cleamhnas
 Ri Duitseach sanntach gun trocair.
 Cha b' e n' onair bu ghnaths dha,
 Ged 's tu brath' r mathar an rogair'.
 Ged a thug thu dha Mari
 Air dheas laimh 'chum a posadh,

Ghabh e t' oighreachd a' t' antoil
Thar do cheann gu ro dheonach.

Ach nan digeadh ar rìgh oirnn
'S a mhac dileas air aidmheil,
Ged a theirteadh le moran
Nach h-i 'choir a bhiodh againn
Cha bu mho orr' ceann Uilleim,
Air sraid Lunnainn an Sasunn
A ghrad fhuadach o mhuineal
Na cluas cullein an radain.

Is sgeul buan do 'n mhnaoi mhearcaich
Nach tog mac leatha 'h-oighreachd.
'S ion d' i curam a ghabhail
Mun duinear cathair na soills' oirr'
Tholl i mallachd a h-athar
On ghabh an t-albhisteair greim dh' i;
'S olc an duthchas a lean i,
Chunnt i 'seanair na thraoitair.

'S math, an toiseach ar seannsa,
Gun d rinn am Frangach de thapadh.
'S gun do ghilacadh leis Monnsa
L e fhir throm-bhuilleach, sgalteach.
Bu mhath gum biodh an adbhansa
'Tigh'inn nan deann a chum Shasuinn,
Is gum falcteachd an cunntar
Cho grad ri tionndadh nan cairtean.

Ach ma stad air an Diuca,
'S nach h-e 'run tigh' nn na's falde,
Leig e cadal d' a chirein,
Stad a sgriob mar a chleachd e.
Mu leig gach saighdear a ghleus deth
Nuair tha leugart mu 'n chaisdeal,
B' fhearr gum falcinn an colleach,
No gun goireadh a chaismeachd.

Ma tha e 'n dan dhuit teachd dhachaidh
 'S nar dhuit t' fhaicinn gun speurad,
 Ged a fhuair thu pairt leonaidh
 Ri am fogradh Rìgh Seumas,
 Ma tha thu cruaidh air an raipèir,
 Seall ri slachdan a ghleusaidh,
 Le 'n do spìosadh mo sgroban,
 Ma 's fìor Tomas an Reumair.

Almheabach, vexing, vexations. Mearcach,
 rash, headstrong. Spìos, spice.

King Louis of France captured Mons in Belgium in the Spring of 1691. Whitehall was partly destroyed by fire April 10, 1691. King James, assisted by the French, expected to invade England. His project came to a sudden termination through the defeat of the French fleet off Cape La Hogue, May 17, 1692. The Duke referred to is the Duke of Berwick. He was a natural son of King James by Arabella Churchill. He was born in 1670. He served under his father in Ireland. He was killed at the siege of Philipsburg on the Rhine in 1734.

Oran an Aghaidh an Aonaidh Eadar Albainn Agus Sasunn.

Ge b'e thogas an lasair
Anam fadadh na smulde,
Theld an culbhreach, mu'n chapull,
Gun bhi fada fo 'gluinibh:
Ach 'fhir a dh'eirich le gradachd
A chur fasdadh nan lub olrr',
Sparr thu 'n goisnean mu 'ladhar
Mar eun 'cladhach an ruchain.

Bhris thu luirg anns a chrann sin,
'S chaidh an seann damh'am mearachd;
Na daimh oga tha 'beucaich,
'S iad gun fheum a chum tarruinn.
'Fhir a b' abhaist an ceannsach'
Is an tionndadh le an-ìochd,
'S e Diuc Atholl le durachd
'Bhris do luban a dh' aindeoin.

Ge b'e 'leanadh gu dìreach
Diuca firneach Atholl,
'S roghainn cruthaicht' thar sluagh e
Bhuidhneadh buaidh mar 'rinn athair,
Bha thu 'n aghaidh luchd-clè
'Ghabh na mìltean mar roghainn;
Ach fagaidd mis' iad gu h-ìseal
Nan laidhe shìos anns na spleadhan.

'S mor 'tha 'ghllocas na rioghachd
Deagh sgrìobht' ann ad mheomhair.
'Bha thu foghlum as t' òige
'Chur na corach air adhart
'N aghaidh Bhanntairean mìsgeach
Bha ri bristeadh an lagha;
Nam biodh iad uile gu m'ordagh-s'
Gheibheadh iad cord agus teadhair.

Na blodh ort-sa bonn airtneil,
 Tha fir Athoil nan seasamh;
 Luchd nan gorm lannan geura
 'Dheanadh feum dhuit 'gad fhreasdal;
 Mar sud 's do dheagh bhrathrean
 Luchd nan sar-bhuillean sgaitheach;
 Fir a chaitheamh nan saighead,
 'S a ro ghleidheadh na cartach.

Na blodh ortsa bonn mi-ghean,
 Tha fir do thire gle ullamh;
 Corr mor is deich mille
 Ged a leughainn an tuilleadh,
 'Mheud 's a bhuidhinn e 'phris dhuit,
 Chaidh e sgrìobhte do Lunnainn.
 Na chuireadh dragh orra an Albainn
 Gun robh 'nan armaibh gle ullamh.

Latha randabbu 'n t-sleibhe
 Bha mi-fein ann is chunnic;
 Bha na trupanen sreìn' ann
 Bha na ceudan a' cruinneach.'
 Ge b'e ghabhadh air 'anam
 Gun robh mnathan mar dhùin' ann,
 Gun rachadh saighead na airnibh
 Gus an traigh i an fhull as.

'Mhorair Dupplin, gun fhutreach,
 Dh'fhosgail uinneag do sgornain:
 Dh'èirich roscal 'ad chridhe
 Nuair chual thu tighinn an t-or ud;
 Shluig thu 'n alleag de'n gheanach,
 Dh'at do sgamhan is bhoc e;
 Dh'fhosgail teannsgal do ghòile,
 'S lasaich greallag do thona.

Cha b' ionghnadh sud dhuit a thachairt,
 Ogha bhaigeir ud Lìunusaidh,
 'S a liuthad dorus mor caisteil
 Ris 'n do stailc e 'chnaimh tiompain.

Cha d'fhag e baile gun stubhal
 Bho Chill-rudha gu Frainse,
 Mar ghabhas sin 's an t-ord Gallach
 Gu ruige baile Iarl' Antrum.

Ogha balgeir na luloich
 Ciod do chuis an taigh-parla
 Mur deach thu dh'fhoghlum a gheanaich,
 Mar bha 'n seanair o 'n d'fhas thu.
 Cha d'fhag e ursann gun locradh
 Eadar Ros is Ceann Talle;
 Bhiodh a theanga gle ullamh
 Nuair a ruigeadh e fardach.

Tha QUEENSBURY 'n trath so
 Mar fhear stralc' a cur thairis,
 Eis' a' tarruinn gu direach
 Mar ghearran dian ann an greallaig;
 'S luehd nam putagan anairt
 Jan smear' agus geire;
 Nam bu mhise an ceannair',
 Bhiodh 'n ceann de 'n amull air dheireadh.

Tha Diuc Atholl's Diuc Gordan
 Gle chordte 's iad duinte,
 Air an sgriobhadh gu daingeann,
 Ach tha Hamilton dubailt'.
 Iarla Bhrathainn bhiodh mar-ris,
 Cha bhiodh mealladh 'sa chuis sin,
 'Toirt a chruin bhualn le ceannach,
 An ceart fhradharc ar sullen.

Tha Meinneireach Uaimh ann,
 Gle tuaineach 'na bhreathal,
 'S e mar dhuine gun sullen
 'Giarraidh iull air feadh ceathaich;
 Ach thig e fathast le umhlachd
 'Chum an Diuc, ma 's i bheatha,
 'S bidh a shannt 's a mhi-dhurachd
 Anns an smur gun aon rath air.

Iarla Bhrathainn a SEAFORTH,
 Cha bhl sith-shaimh ri d' bheo dhult,
 Gum bl ort-sa cruaidh-fhaghaid
 N taobh a staigh de 'n Roinn-Eorpa.
 Ach nam faighinn mo roghainn,
 'S dearbh gun leaghalnn an t-or dhult,
 A stigh air faochaig do chlaiginn,
 Gus an casadh e 'd bhotuinn

Spleadhan, falsehoods. Calrt, a charter.
 Roscal, joy. Greallag, a swing, a swingle-tree,
 a gut. Putagan analrt, pock-puddings. Cean-
 naire, a driver, a leader of plough horses. Cas,
 climb.

The Union with England, which took place May 1st, 1707, was exceedingly unpopular in Scotland. It was carried however, in the Scottish parliament by a hundred and ten votes against sixty-nine. Many of those who voted for it were bribed by English gold, or by promises of rank and office. James Douglas, second duke of Queensbury, was the most active agent in bringing it about. Thomas Hay, vicount Dupplin, was in favor of it. Menzies of Weem and Uilleam Dubh, fifth Earl of Seaforth were also in favor of it. James Douglas, fourth duke of Hamilton, opposed it, but not in such a straightforward manner as was expected of him. He could have pre-

vented it, if he had exerted himself properly. John Murray, first Duke of Athole, opposed it with great zeal.

The union which made England and Scotland one kingdom was no doubt a very good thing. It is not a very pleasant thing, however, to find Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Chalmers, Lord Clyde, Dr. Livingstone, Macaulay, Gladstone, and Lord Rosebery spoken of as Englishmen. Have the countrymen of Wallace and Bruce become extinct?

Ghabh Air Fogradh Do'n Spain.

Ghabh air fogradh do 'n Spain
 Fear m' eolais 's mo dhaimh;
 Cha chelleadh tu pàirt dhe t' aigheadh orm

'Mhic-'Ic-Raonuill nam pios,
 Nam bratach 's nam piob,
 Chan fhaicteadh 'san strith thu cailleadhail

S e mo ghaol an ceann sluaigh,
 Nach bu tais am beairt chruaidh;
 Chiteadh rudhadh 'a ghrualdh 's cha b'
 fhaiteachas.

'S fad a 'dh' aithnichinn do cheum
 'S tu air thoiseach nan ceud,
 S' air uaille gum b' eutrom, astarach.

Nam bhi suibhal nan stuc,
 Bhiodh leat gilleam 's coin luth,
 Agus gunna nach diultadh lasadh dhuit.

Thig an claidheabh gorm caol
 Dhuit an duille ri d' thaobh,
 'S gum bu chuimhneach m' fhear gaoll air
 tapachd leis.

Mar ri bogh' an t-sar chuil,
 Air a thaghadh o 'n bhuth,
 Is gun tolladh tu suil na cartach leis.

'Fhir a thanig an de
 Nall a Raineach nan geug,
 'S ann agad tha 'n sgeul chuir airsneal
 orms.

O! cha bhrathainn, 's mi 'm cheill,
 Thu do Dhuibhneach fo 'n ghrein,
 Ged a dh-innsadh tu sgeul do leapach
 dhomh.

'S ann orms' a rug a mhi-bhuaidh
 O mboch maduinn Di-luain,
 Nuair a ghabh mi 'n cead truagh 'sa chaip-
 lich dhìot.

Gar h-e mis' 'tha fo ghruaim,
 'S mi nam onrachdan truagh,
 'S nach faic mi tighinn o 'n Chruaich na b'
 aite leam.

The foregoing song was composed either about Alasdair nan Cleas, of Kep-poch, or Raonull Og his eldest son. John Lom may or may not have been the author of it. If he was, the song must be about Raonull Og.

In May, 1615, Alasdair nan Cleas, Raonull Og, and the eldest son of Mac-

donald, of Moidart, assisted Sir James Macdonald, of Islay, in making his escape from prison in Edinburgh. Sir James tried to wrest his lands from the grasp of the Campbells, but did not succeed. He was compelled to flee to Spain in 1616. Alasdair nan Cleas and his second son, Donald Glas, joined him about 1618. Sir James was pardoned in 1620 and allowed to return to London. He received a pension from King James of one thousand marks sterling. He died in London in 1626. Alasdair nan Cleas was also pardoned in 1620 and allowed to return to Lochaber. He received a pension of two hundred marks sterling. The year of his death is unknown. The history of Raonull Og is very obscure. He was outlawed in 1615. According to the Kinrara MS. he was in possession of Keppoch in 1639. *A. M. Shaw's Mackintoshes and Clan Chattan*, p 327. The probability is that he spent the most of his time in Lochaber. He did not go to Spain with his father. It seems certain, however, that he was in Spain for some time. It is said that he died in London.

Mi 'm Shuidhe air an Aisre.

Mi 'm shuidhe air an aisre,
Gun agam ach mi 'm onar.

Mi 'm shuidhe, etc.

Gun robh mi 'n de mu 'n taice so,
Mar chleachd bhi o m' oige,

Mar ri Mar Chrìarich,
Lamh fhial a dhiol an oir i',—

Mar ri gruaidh an fhaiteachais,
'S bu taitneach leam a comhradh.

A bhean-an- taighe freasdail dhuinn,
Is lion an seipein beorach.

An deoch so air do shlainte,
'S gum b' fheairrd thu ri do bheo i.

Is ged mhìse mise i,
Chan fhag mi driosg gun ol d' i.

Air ceisd nam ban o 'n Chananich,
An gaisgeach fearail, morail,

Gun d' rinneadh iuchair Sheumais leat
A dh' eignich o luchd chleoc' e

Ach tamull beag an deidh sin,
Gum b' fheudar dol air fogradh.

Gun dug thu as an rìoghachd ort
Gu crìochan 's nach robh t' eolas.

Bhìodh grabhailte mhath, chinnte ach ort
A dhion do chinn an comhrag.

Glac chrom air dheagh lughadh ort,
Sgian dubh le taghadh smeoirne;

Is gunna caol nach duilteadh sràd
Air udlaiche na croice.

Tha comharr' a bhi dileas ort, —
 Gun dug an rìgh dhuit stòras;

Gun dug e o Chaol-Muille dhuit
 Gu cnoc na coille moire; —

'S gun dug e cruith fo thendan dhuit,
 Is cead a seinn na sheombar,

Gum bu chonnsunn smachdall thu
 Air Lachainn Mac-an-Toisich.

'S a Raonull oig na Ceapich,
 Gur a h-ait leinn maireann beo thu.

A cheannsachadh nan Duibhneach,
 Is gur cuimhne leinn an do bheairt.

It is possible, perhaps probable, that the foregoing song was composed by John Lom.

The Chanonrie of Fortrose is known in Gaelic as a Chananich. It is said that Raonull Og got a key made which would open the door of the prison in which Sir James Macdonald was confined, and that it was by means of this key that Sir James effected his escape. It is just possible that Alasdair nan Cleas had really more to do with getting the key made than Raonull Og. In 1618 Sir Lachlan Mackintosh invaded Keppoch with a large force for the purpose of apprehending Alasdair nan Cleas and his sons, but was under the necessity of going back without them.

Ged Tha 'n Oidhche 'n Nochd Fuar.

Ged than 'n oidhche 'n nochd fuar,
 'S beag air cadal mo luaidh;
 'S chan e talnead no fuairlead m' eudaich;
 Ged tha 'n oidhche, etc.

Ach an naidheachd so fhuair
 Mi 's a mhaduinn Di-luain;
 Gur a fada 's gur buan dhomh 'h-eislean.

Chi thu, 'Kigh, 's beag mo luaidh
 'Dhol do'n doire so shuas,
 Far an goireadh a chuach 'sa cheitean.

'S iad mo chinneadh a bh' ann,
 'S iad mar choluinn gun cheann,
 No mar thobar an gleann air deubhadh.

Gur a mise tha tinn,
 'S bochd 's gur tursach 'tha mi,
 Is nach falcear 'san tìr fear t' eugais.

Gur a mis' tha fo sprochd,
 Cach mu t' fhearaun a trod,
 Is nach suidh thu air cnoc gan reiteach'.

Gur a mise tha fo bhron
 Mu mo mhaighstir coir,
 'S e 'na laighe fo 'n fhoird gun eirigh;

Ann an ciste nam bord,
 N deidh a sparradh le ord
 'Ghraidh, cha daisgear le ceol nan teud thu.

Chunnaic mis do thur,
 'S e gun mhire, gun mhuirn,
 Is do chinneadh 's gach cuis an deidh laimh.

Chunnaic mise do bhord
 'S e gun lomairt, gun ol,
 Agus innis a cheo is feur troimp'.

Tha do bhallo gun stath,
'S e gun sabhall, gun ath,
Ach na fhiadhairean bana, feurach.

Pìob sgallach nan dos
Bhiodh mu d' thalla gle mhoich,
Le ceol calthreamach, bras, luath, eibhinn.

Thigeadh boineid o 'n bhuth,
Air chul bachlach mo ruin,
'S cota Lunnaineach dnbh-ghorm eutrom.

Bu tu namhaid a bhrùic,
'Thig o bhruchaibh an t-sluic,
Is a bhradain air utsg' a leumadh.

Bu leat sinteag nan carn
Lels an cìneach an t-sealg,
'Bheireadh fuil air damh dearg na ceire;

Lels a chuillbheir chaol ghlas,
Nach diultadh an t-srad,
Leagteadh ultaiche bras an t-sleibhe.

Gum b' fhear bogh' thu nach b' ole
Dhol a thomhas nam prop,
Bhiodh do shatghead sa phloc ga reubadh.

Tri chrainn fhichead is corr
Nach b' fhuasad idir a leon,
'S ann a bhrìst thu le t' ordaig fein iad.

An taigh-lagha nan tur
Gum bu fhradharcach thu,
Cha bu chladhaire' chunntadh feich ort.

Am measg Ghalldheal is Ghall,
Far an eisdteadh do chainnt,
Gheibhteadh Laideann is Fraingis 's Beurla.

'S ann an Sasunn fo 'n uir,
Dh' fhag mi tasgaidh mo ruin,
Ann an calbeal nan turalbh gle gheal.

'M Baile Lunnainn nan cleoc,
 Dh'fhag mi urra mo loin;
 Leat bu dùilich e, 'Dhomhnaill Shleittich!

Och! fhir chridhe mo ghaoil
 Do'm bu shualcheantas fraoch,
 S' e mo chreach nach do dh-fhaod thu eirigh.

In the manuscript from which I have copied this poem it is termed, "Oran do Mhac-Iain Aird-nam-Morchann, le gille a bha aige fhein." In D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire, which contains thirteen verses of it, it is termed, "Cumha Raonaill Oig, le Iain Lom." I do not suppose that John Lom had anything to do with it.

Oran Do Dh-aonghus Mac Rao- nuill Oig.

Blodh an uidheam so 'triall
 Gu ceann-uidhe nan cllar,
 Far 'm bu shubhach 's 'm bu mhladhail seold;

Gu tur meadhrach nach crìon
 Nan ceann-feadhna 's glan fiamh,
 Cuirte ghreadhnach 'm bu rioghall stoirm;

Gu taigh ainmell mor-fhell'
 'S an cluinnt' toragan nan teud,
 'Fhir a b' fhoirmeala beus trath-noin.

Ann an aros mo ruin
 Chluinnteadh clarsaichean ciuil,
 'S iomaìrt thallaeag air chluinntibh oir.

Fuaim na fìdhle mu seach,
 Toirm air pìob 'bu mhath blas,
 Fìon Spainteach dearg datht' ann 's beoir;

'S uisge beatha nam pìos
 'Rachadh t' aìrgìod ga dhìol;
 Chit' an glòin' e mar ghriog an oir.

Bhìodh mnai aìllidh 'n fhuit reidh
 'Gabhail dhana le teud,
 'Sìor chur seachad na seisteachd leo;

C*innlean aca de 'n cheir
 'S iad an lasadh gu geur'
 Urlar farsuing mu 'n eight 'an t-ol.

Macant maighneanail thu
 Faicheil, f idhreachail, ciuin
 Marcach greadhnach nan cruìdh-each gorm.

Bhìodh eich sheanga 'nan leum,
 'S iad 'nan deannaibh 'cur reis',
 'S fìr a sreamadh nan sreìn ri 'm beoil

'N uair a rachadh tu 'mach
 'S ard a chluinnteadh do smachd,
 Bhìodh Iain Muldeartach leat 's MacLeoid;

Mac-Mhic-Allein bho 'n chuan
 Le lòngeas daralch lom, luath;
 Luchd nan leadan le 'm buailteadh stòic.

Thig Aonghas ardanach treun,
 Bho Ghleann-Garadh nan geug,
 'S na fìr ghasda nach geill fo sgod.

'S leat Sir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol
 Is Clann-Domhnaill, na laòich
 Sud a bhuidheann nach maom 's an toir.

Thig fìr Eirinn a risd,
 'Chuir thu fhèin air do thi;
 'S iad a dh' eireadh le strìth mu d' dhorn.

Thig Clann-Pharlain nan sgiath
 'Bh'alig fear t' alte-sa riamh,
 'S Mac-an-Aba le 'chiad fear mor.

Bu leat fir an taoibh tuath,
 Fir a Bhraighe so shuas,
 'S deagh Mhac-Griogair-bho Ruadh struth chro.

'N uair a bhi dh tu n' Loch Treig
 Bu dluth 'tholladh tu beinn;
 Bu tu marbhaiche 'n eise le leis;

Agus coisiche 'chairn
 Leis an cinneadh an t sealg,
 'Bheireadh full air damh dearg nan croc.

'N uair a ranig mi 'Chruach,
 Bha mi t' ionndraichinn bhuam;
 'S e do mhulad 'bha tualrgneadh orm.

Tha do chinneadh mor fhein
 Fo mhulad 'ad dheigh,
 'Mhic an fhir o Loch-Treig an fheoir.

'S ann an torachd nan each
 'Dh'fhag mi 'n t-og a b'fhearr dreach:
 Cha de dhlobair a chlach an t ord.

'S ann 'n a shineadh 'san allt
 Bha ceann-taighe mo ghraidh,
 Ged a thuit thu le dermad leo.

Cha bu spuillear air tuath
 Dha 'n do ruisgeadh an uaigh;
 Bha mo dhiubhall air ghualainibh sloigh.

Chaireadh ceannard an t-sluaigh
 Le 'dha leanabh 'san uaigh;
 Fath mo ghearsain 's mi fuasgladh dheoir.

According to the person who sent me this poem, it was composed about Aonghus Mac Raonuill Oig, and is the original version of Biodh an uidheam so 'triall. I cannot accept this view of the poem. I look upon it as being made up of stanzas from three or four different poems. The greater portion of it seems to me to be far more applicable to Macdonald of Sleat or Glengarry than to Aonghus MacRaonuill Oig. Some of the verses appear in the Elegy on Sir James of Sleat. I feel confident that these verses really belong to that poem. I am not aware of valid ground upon which it could be said of Aonghus MacRaonuill Oig, Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat's MacLeod. But this could be said concerning Sir James of Sleat with a fair degree of propriety. He married, as his second wife, Mary, daughter of John Macleoid, 14th of Harris; whilst Florence, one of his daughters by his first wife, was married to John Macleod, 16 of Harris. Iain Breac Roderick, 17th of Harris, was Sir James's grandson.

Raon Ruari.

An ainm an aigh ni mi tus
Air a mheanmna so 'm run
Chan i 'so 'n aimsir mu 'n duin an ceitein oirnn

Na faicteadh loingeas an rìgh
'Cur an sponnaidh gu tìr,
Chan e Uilleam tha mi cho dèidheil air.

Ach rìgh Seumas 's a shìol
A dh-ordich Dia gus ur dìon;
Cha rìgh fàs d'am fàch dhuinn geilleachdinn.

Ach mar dìg thu air ball,
S de leintean crìosa ga'n call,
Is ceud mìse leinn thall san Epheit thu.

An comunn clotach gun bhaigh
A shuidh an ionad nan Stath
Mar cho-meata chuir Satan seula riu.

Paca sligheach na cèllg.
U'am bu dlìgheach a mheirg,
Dhubh am fìtheach le salchar eucair iad.

Cha b'e 'm brathadair coir
Bha cur gabhail fo 'm foid,
Ach fear an taigh' nach bu choir bu sheuconds
dhulbh.

Ann sa bheithe bheag og
Tha fo bhaile mhic-Dheors',
Gum bu lìonar fear cleachd' bha reubte ann.

An Reon-Ruari nam bad
Bu lìonmhor uaigh is corp rag
Bha aig luchd shluasid is chaib gan leidigeadh.

Air a bhruthach a stad
Fo dhubhar nam bad,
Chaidh nan sìubhal gu grad na reubaltich.

A shar Chleibhir nan each
 Bu cheann-feadhun thu air feachd
 Mo chreach leir an tus gleachd mar dh-eirich
 dhuit.

Bu lasair theine dhaibh t' fhearg
 Gus an d' eirich mi-shealbh;
 Bhual am pelleir fo earball t' eiddidh thu.

Cha robh t-eascarid suas
 Eadar Arcamh is Tuaid,
 Mur bhi an tacaId a bhual san eudann thu.

Bu mhor cosgradh do lamh
 Fo do chlogaide ban;
 Do chorp nochdte geal graidh ga eidgeadh.

Nuair dhaom t-uaislean am mach,
 Cha sgaoth bhuachailleann mhaire,
 Ach luchd bhualadh nan cnap gu speireadail.

Clann Domhnaill an aigh
 Luchd a chonnsaich gach blar,
 Cha do ghabh sibh riamh sgath roimh reubaltich.

Is iomad fiuran deas og
 Gun lan duirn air de dh-fheol,
 Nach gabh curam 's a chomhrag eiridh leibh.

'S llongmhor lasgaire dian
 Bha fo 'n cuid bhratach dol sìos
 'S cha b-iad na fathichibh crìon 'ur reis-maldean.

Agus lamh bu mhor lughs
 A chur na Spaintich gu cul
 'Ghearradh chlaignan chuaimh-smuis is fheithe-
 anan.

Fhuair iad deannal sa choill
 Bho chruaidh lannaibh sìol-chuinn,
 A bhruchd nan deannaibh thar tuinn trom
 chreuchdach iad.

Bu llongar plorbuic is gruag
A chaidh a spea'tadh mu 'n cnualc
S bha full dhalte na stuaidh air feuran ann.

Mo run an Domhnaill Gorm og
Bho n tur Shleitich f bho n Ord,
Fhuair thu deuchalnn s bu mhor an sgeula sin

Gradh an t-Alasdair Dubh
Bho Aird-Gharidh nan struth
Bha air a tharruing an tuigh nan eucorach.

Bha ann an tanalsteair ur
S b'og am planntas mo run
S cha'b'e'n campair air chul na sgeithe e.

Bha bhrathair eil ann Iain Og
S dh-aomich pelleir troimh fheoll
S caol a thearinn e beo bho n speileireachd.

'S e 'Prionns Uilleam 's a shluagh
'Dh'fhag an duthich so truagh
Nuair a chuir e thar cuan righ Seumas bhualnn.

Ach guidheam sgrios agus plaigh,
Gort is miosguinn is bas,
Air an sliochd mar bh'air al na h-Eiphelte.

Gach aon latha dol sìos
Caigheadh chlaidhibh troimh'm bian
'S coin a caltheamh an diol air sleibhtichinn.

Thig am Frangach a steach
Le treun champa chuid each
S bidh a bhanga'd s a bhreac-staoig greidhte.
dhuit.

Theid thu Hanobher air ais
Thig an cot dhiot an cals;
'S i sean choir a choin ghla's a b fheumaille.

Ged tha an cogadh so searbh,
Air a thogail gu garg,
Le ceann nathrach biòth earball peucaig air.

The foregoing version of "An ainm an aigh ni mi tus" was sent to me a few days ago. As the person sending it desires to have it printed I comply with his request.

Cumha.

DO SHIR DOMHNALL SHLEITE.

'S cian 's gu fada mi 'm thamh,
'S trom leam m' aigheadh fo phramh;
Bho nach cadal dhomh seimh 's tim eirigh.
'S cian 's gur fada &c.

Laigh an aois orm gu cruaidh,
Dreach an aoig air mo ghruaidh,
'S rinn e faodail bhoichd thruagh dha fein
diom.

a leann dubh orm gach la-
'Se gam mhuchadh a ghnath,
Air mo chuis-sa cha ra-sgeul breig e.

Tha gach urra 'dol dhiom
Bho 'm faigh 'nn furan le miadh,
A choig urrad 's a b' fhiach mi 'dh-eirig.

Chail mi armuinn mo stulc,
Mo sglath laidtr 's mo phruip,
Iad ri aiteach an t sluic is fear orr'.

Fath mo bhloraidh 's mo cholg,
'Thaobh gach iomairt so 'dh' fhaibh,
Luaths bhur n-lomachd air lorg a cheile.

Mhuch me mheadhall 's mo mheas
Daoll 'bhi cladhach bhur slios;
Chaidh mo raghain fo lic de leugaibh.

Bhuall an t-earrach orm spot,
 'S trom a dh' fhairich mi 'lot,
 Chuir e 'n lughad mo thoirt, 's beag m' fheum
 air.

Bas Shìr Dòmhnall bho 'n Chael
 Chuir mo chomhnuidh fo sgaoil,
 Dh' fhag mi 'm onar 'san aois gam leireadh.

'S ann riut a labhrainn mo mhtann
 Gu dana, ladarna, dian,
 Ged a bhidhinn da thrian 'san eucoir.

'Siomad smaointinn bochd, truagh,
 'Teachd air m' aire gach uair,
 Bho 'n la 'chaochall air sruadh fear t' eugaisg.

Leoghann-freachail, ard,
 Muinte, sploradal, garg,
 Umhail, iriosal, feartha, treubh-ach.

Leug nan arm is nan each,
 Reimeil, calma, gun aire,
 Dh'eug thu 'n Armadail glas nan deideag.

Bha do chinneadh fo phramh,
 Do thuath 's do phaighearan mail,
 Uaislean t' fhearainn 's gach lan fhearfeusaig.

Bha mnai beul-dearg a bhruit
 Rì call an cèille 's am fuil,
 'S cach ag eiteadh do chuirp air delle.

Moch 'sa mhaduinn Diardaoin
 Thog iad tasgaidh mo ghaoil,
 'N deidh a phasgadh gu caol 'sna leintean.

'N ciste ghlubhais nam bord,
 An truail chumhaing na 's leoir,
 'N deidh a dubhadh fo 'n t-srol air speicean.

Gu eaglais Shleite na stuaidh,
 'Chosg thu fhein ri chur suas,
 Ged nach d' fhuirich thu buan ri 'sgleutadh.

Fhuair thu deannal no dho,
 'Dh 'fhag do phannal fo bhron,
 'S gum bu ghearan an leon mun eigheadh.

Air Raon-Rualridh nan strac,
 Far 'n do bhuannich sibh blar,
 Chaill thut' uaislean is t-armuinn ghleusda.

Air an talamh chrìon, chruaidh,
 'S nach falachheadh gearrag a cluas,
 Fhuair sibh deannal na luaithe-leithe.

Bu neo-chraobhaidh na seold
 'Fhuair sa chaonnaig an leon,
 B' an diu Raonall is Eoin is Seumas.

Ann ad thalla mar thriath,
 Cha bu ghnath leat 'bhi crìon,
 Gum bu nollaig le fion do reidhlean.

B' e 'm bol pathaidh do mhiann
 Bhi 'ga chaitheamh gu dian;
 'S 'n uair a thraight' e gun llongeadh reidh
 leat,

De dh-uisge-beatha 's de bheoir,
 'Siad a gabhail na 's leoir,
 Mar a thoilicheadh beoil ga eigheach.

Mu bhord gun tloma, gun ghruaim,
 Le ol, 's le lomairt, 's le sluagh,
 Is ceol 'bu bhlìne na cuach 'sa cheltein.

Dh' fhalbh na spailpean an null,
 'Bha fìal, farsuinn, 'nan grunn;
 Cha b' iad na fachalach gun rum, gun leud iad.

Domhnall Gorm 'bu ghlan gnùis,
 Fear bu mhine de 'n triuir,
 'S cha bu chorr-cheann e 'n cuirt rìgh Seurlas.

Cha dean mi run ach gu foill
 Do 'n al ur 's 'th' air teachd oirnn,
 Bho nach daisgear le ceol Sir Seumas.

Dh' fhalbh thu fhein 's do cheud mhac,
Mala gheur sibh gu neart;
'S fad' o chelle fo cheapalbh reig sibh.

'S blath an leap' air bhur clonn,
Seach daormuinn 'thaisgeadh an t-suim;
Sibh 'bu sgapach air buinn le felle.

Thuir mi 'n urrad ud ruibh,
Tha mi 'm urrainn g'a dhiol;
Slan 'ur muineil cha till sibh breug orm.

Faodail, a waif, a thing found without
an owner. Reimeil, authoritative. Brot
or brat, a veil. Bruit, of the veil. Pan-
nal, a band of men. Craobhaidh—ner-
vous, tender, shivering. Fachach---a
little insignificant man; also a puffin.
Daormunn---a miser. Eiteadh---stretch-
ing. Slan, in spite of. Sir Donald Mac-
donald, 10th of Sleat, died February 5,
1695.

Marbhrann.

DO DH-ALASDAIR DUBH GHLINNE-GARADH.

LUINNEAG.

Ho ro 's fada, 's gur fada,
Is cian fada mo bhron,
O 'n la charadh gu h-iseal
Do phearsa priseil fo 'n fhoid.
Tha mo chridhe-sa ciuirt'
Cha dean mi sugradh ri m' bheo,
On dh' fhalbh ceannard nan uaislean,
Oighre dualach an t-Sroim.

'S mi ag eiridh 'sa mhaduinn
 Gur beag m' aiteas ri sugradh,
 On dh' fhalbh nachdaran fearail
 Ghlinne-Garadh air ghiulan,
 'S ann am flaitheas na failte
 Tha ceannard aillidh na duthcha ;
 Sar choirnileir foinnidh
 Nach robh foilleil do 'n chrun thu.

'S mairg a tharladh roimh d' dhaoine
 Nuair tbogteadh fraoch ri do bhrataich;
 Dh' eircadh stuadh an clar t-eudainn
 Le neart feirg agus raisge;
 Sud an com 'bha neo-sgathach.
 'S an t-suil bu bhlaithhe gun ghaiseadh;
 Gum biodh maoim air do naimehdean
 Ri linn dhuit spainteach a ghlacadh.

Fhuair thu n' cliu sin o thoiseach,
 Is cha b' olc e r 'a innseadh;
 Craobh chosgairt 'sa bhlair thu
 Nach gabhadh sgath roimh luchd-peicean;
 No roimh shaighdearan dearga,
 Ged a b' armait an righ iad,
 Le 'n cuid cheannartan fuilteach,
 Is le 'n gunnachan cinnteach.

Gur a farsuinn do ranntan
 Ri 'n seanachas 's ri 'n sloinneadh;
 Gur tu oighr' an Iarl' Ilich
 Nach d' choisinn eis le grìomh foilleil,
 Marcaich' ard nan each cruideach,
 Nan srian ur' 's nan lann soilleir;
 Lamh threun ann an cruadal.
 Ceannard sluagh a toirt teine.

Fhuair thu onair fir Alba,
 Bha meas is ainm air fear t' aignidh,
 Fear do ghliocais 's do gheire,
 Do chliu, do cheutaidh, 's do ghaisge,
 Thug Dia gibhtean le buaidh dhuit,

Cridhe fuasgailteach, farsuinn,
 'Fhir bu chiuine na mhaighdean,
 Is bu ghairge nan lasair.

'S goirt an t-earchall a thachair
 On chaidh an iomairt so tuathal ;
 Ola blar Sliabh-an-t-Siorra
 Chaill ar cinneach an uaislean;
 Thionndaidh chuibhl' air clann-Domhnaill,
 An treas connspunn bhi uatha,
 Clann is colair Chlann-Raghnaill,
 An fhuil ard 's i gun truailleadh.

'N nis on dh' fhalbh na fir dhaicheil,
 'Chleachd mar abhaist 'bhi suairce,
 Deagh Shir Domhnaill a Sleite,
 Bu mhor reusan is cruadal,
 Ailain Muideartach fearail,
 'S an triath Garannach buadhach.
 Cha dig gu brath air Clann-Domhnaill
 Triuir chonnspunn cho cruaidh riu.

A Thi dh'fhuiling nar n-aite,
 Eisd ad ghras ri ar n-urnigh.
 Cum an t-aog o dha bhrathair
 'N fhir a charadh fo'n uir leinn,
 A dheanamh treise do'n alach so
 A dh' fhagadh gun suilean,
 Slíochd an t-seabhaig 's an armuinn
 Nach dugadh each an sgiath chuil deth.

Nuair threig each an cuid fearainn,
 Is nach d' fhan iad san rioghachd,
 Sheas thusa gu fearail,
 Gun sgath, sgainneal, no mi-chliu,
 Chuir thu fuaradh na froise
 Seach ar dorsan gar dìonadh ;
 Gun robh t-aigneachd cho laidir
 Ri leoghann ard de 'n fhuil rioghail

Cha robh iarl' ann an Albainn
 Gheibheadh carbsa no run bhuait,

'S gum biodh toiseach gach naidheachd
 Gu lamhan a chuirteir.
 Seabhag firinneach, suairce,
 'Chleachd bhi cruadalach, turail,
 Ceannard mhaithean is uaislean
 Bha air ghuaillnibh ga ghiulan.

Sgeul a b' ait leam r'a eisdeachd,
 'S a bhi ga leirsinn le 'r siulean,
 Do mhac oighre bhith 't fhearann
 Mar bu mhath le luchd durachd.
 Ach aon neach leis am b' oil e,
 Luaidhe ghlas le neart fudair
 'Bhith troimh cluidh' air a fìradh
 Chor 's nach iarradh e tionndadh.

Alexander Macdonell of Glengarry, Alasdair Dubh, died in 1724.

I cannot believe that John Lom was the author of the foregoing elegy. It is fairly certain that he was in his grave long before it was composed.

John Lom was present at the battle of Stun-a-Chlachlain in 1640. It is admitted by everybody that he was at least sixteen years of age at the time. Consequently he must have been born as early as 1624. But Alasdair Dubh of Glengarry died in 1724. John Lom, if living at that time, must have been one hundred years of age. But it seems unreasonable, without clear proof, to ask us even to believe that the elegy on Glengarry was composed by a centenarian. John Lom composed an elegy on Aonghas MacRannall Oig in

1640. It does not look like the composition of a boy of sixteen. I take for granted that John Lom was a good deal older than sixteen in 1640.

The Rev. Donald Macnicol published remarks on Dr. Johnson's tour to the Hebrides, in 1779. In that work he states that John Lom lived to an extreme old age, and that there were still living people of very advanced years who remembered to have seen him. People of very advanced years, said to be people who were at least eighty-five years, or people who were born in 1694, and who were fifteen years of age in 1709. If John Lom had lived until 1724, there must have been a good many persons living in 1779 who had seen him, and these, persons who were not of very advanced years.

The sketch of John Lom which is published in *Sar-Obair nam Bard* was written by Dr. Macintyre of Kilmonivaig. Dr. Macintyre tells us that John Lom died at a very advanced age about the year 1710. Than Dr. Macintyre there could be no better authority. He took an interest in Gaelic poetry, and had the best possible opportunities for becoming acquainted with John Lom's history.

In view of the foregoing facts, I take for granted that John Lom died in 1709 or 1710, probably in 1709. But when was he born? According to Mr. Macnicol, Dr. Macintyre, and some Keppoch traditions that I have heard, he lived to an extreme old age. I think we must come to the conclusion that he was at least ninety or ninety-five years of age when he died. Thus, then, he must have been born as early as 1620, perhaps as early as 1615.

Beannachd leat, Iain Luim. Chuir mise t' orain am mach cho math 's cho ceart 's a b' urrainn mi. Tha mi 'n dochas gun dig cuid-eiginn am dheidh a ni nas fhearr.

Notes.

1. From Turner's collection.

2. From R. Macdonald's collection. The last line of the eighth verse is given in the book as follows:—'S bhiodh briogadh an deidh a h-earr'.

3. Sixteen verses from Dr. Maclean's MS. The chorus, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th verses from Turner's collection. The following verses have been omitted:—

'N cuala sibh an turas ainmeil
'Thug Alasdair mac Cholla 'dh-Albainn'.
Rinneadh leis pronnadh is marbhadh,
'S leagadh leis Colleach Srath-Bhailgaidh.

An t-eun dona ' fhuair a cheusadh
An Sasunn, an Albainn, 'S an Eirinn,
Gur h-it e a cul do sgelthe,
'S gur misde leam gun do gheill e.

These verses refer to the Earl of Huntly. If leagadh leis were dh' islich e there might be some truth in the 4th line. As it stands, it cannot be reconciled with historic facts.

4. From Turner's collection. The third line as given by Turner is as follows:—Choisinn iatha Allt-Eirinn le mhor-shluagh. It was Montrose's genius that won the battle of Auldearn. Alister hac Coll had not a mor-shluagh or large host under him. A tnuig buaidh an Allt-Eirinn le chonnspuln would be true. The third line of the third verse is, Nuair a bha thu 'sa gharadh a' t'onar. Alister mac Coll was not alone in the garden, sheep-pen, or whatever the enclosure may have been. The third line of the sixth verse is, Bha na shineadh am polla ud

Lochaidh. John Lom would never say that there were many of Montrose's men lying in the pool of Lochy. But what could Inverlochy have to do with Auldearn? The 7th verse is by myself. The last verse has been omitted. It is as follows:—

Chuir sibh pairt dhu air theicheadh
 Gus 'n do ranig sibh Muiri,
 'S chuir sibh lasraichean teine 'sa Mhoraich.

So far as I can learn Montrose did not set fire to Moraich Mhic-Shimi, at the time of the battle of Auldearn. There may, however, have been a Moraich, or Mor-fhaiche, between Nairn and Garmouth. But whether there was or not, John Lom had too good an ear for music to suppose that Muiri rhymed with theicheadh.

5. From Dr. Maclean's MS. and John Maclean's MS.

6. From R. Macdonald's collection.

7. From the Highland Monthly, Vol. I, page 278. The 8th verse is from Turner's collection.

8. From Turner's collection.

9. From A. and D. Stewart's collection.

10. From Dr. Maclean's MS.

11. From Turner's collection. The 18th verse is from Gillies's collection, page 75.

I have omitted four verses. If a man does not believe that a person whom he disliked went to Heaven when he died, he had better say nothing about his occupation in the world of spirits.

12. From the transactions of the Gaelic society of Inverness, vol. XII., and Turner's collection.

13. The first nineteen verses are from Turner's collection. The 24th verse and the last fourteen verses were sent me by Alexander Macdonald, Bidge.

14. From Turner's collection. The 8th and 15th verses are by myself. A reir na naidheachd a thugadh dhomhsa, fhuair an Cruiteir a bhean aige ann an suidheachadh maille ri duine eirle auns nach bu choir d'i a bhith. An atte naire a ghabhall 's ann a thoisich i air a chain-eadh 's air tilgeadh chlach air.

15. From Gillies's collection. The third line of the third verse is given in that work as follows:—Fraoch fod 'shin, gun bhosd, gun bhag radh. The last two lines of the fourth verse are given thus,—

Sgrìab Ghilleasbig Ruaidh a Uibhist,
'Bhuall e meall an ceann an uighe.

I have reason to believe that the Claran Mabach was known as Gilleasbig Dubh, not as Gilleasbig Ruadh. I am not prepared, however, to insert Ghilleasbig Dhuibh in place of Ghilleasbig Ruaidh.

I received the following verse from Alexander Macdonald, Ridge:—

Chuir thu stopadh air na caolais
Mun leigt' ort iad le maol sneimhell;
Rinn thu gach coit is ramh a shaoradh,
Mharbh thu boc 's gun d' let thu 'mhaolseach

Maol-sneimhell, careless, is an adjective; the noun is maol-sneimhealas. It is said that a shot fired in through the window wounded Alasdair Ruadh's wife in the leg. This explains the reference to the maolseach.

The first line of the 8th verse is, A Mhoire, 's buidheach mise, Dhia, dhìot. Without changing these words the thu in the next verse would refer grammatically to the Deity. I might, however, have avoided this difficulty by giving the 8th verse as the last. I got the ninth verse from

Alexander Macdonald, but changed dh' eithich to smachdailch. I got the following lines also from Mr. Macdonald:—

Claighean gun saonadh bho chorpailbh,
Mar chinn laogh an deidh am plotadh.

These lines, as given by Gillies, are as follows:—

Claighean gan faolsgneadh a copar,
Marr chinn laogh an deidh am plotadh.

These lines are very poetic, but are they founded upon a fact? Are we to suppose that the heads were actually put in a copper vessel of some kind, or in a pot, and washed there? The word plotadh favors this view.

16. From Turner's collection. I got the fifth verse from an old neighbor, John Macdonald, an Taillear Abrach.

17. From the Gael, vol. V., page 76.

18. From Dr. Maclean's MS.

19. From Turner's collection. The first verse is given by Turner as follows:—

Gur a fada mi 'm thamh,
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar;
A Rìgh, 's deacair dhomh tamh 's mi beo.

It is not desirable to have tamh rhyme with thamh.

The seventh verse is given thus,—

Nuair a rachadh tu 'm mach
B'ard a chluinnteadh do smachd,
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-Leold.

As I understand these words, they mean either that Macleod was a follower of Sir James or that he was in the habit of marching with him to battle.

20. From R. Macdonald's collection.

21. This poem and the 22nd are taken from Turner's collection. They are given in that work as one poem, under the heading of Oran air Blar Tomaphubuill.

22. The chorus and the first two verses refer to Lord Macdonell. The last three verses seem to belong to the poem on the Marquis of Athole, Slan gun dìth dhult a Mharcuile. I have omitted the following verses:—

'M brùadar chunnalc mi 'm chadal
B' fhearr gum faicinn e 'm dhusgadh;
'S mi nach fuireadh na b' fhaide
Ann am plaide fo thursa.
Le aon sealladh dhe t' aodann
Nuair a phlaosgadh mo shuillean,
B' ionnan eirigh do m' aigheadh
S' leum a bhradain le luth-chleas.

Gur a mise 'bha tursach,
'N am dhomh dhusgadh a m' bhrùadar,
A bhith faicinn do chursaibh
'Dol an null air Druim-uachdar;
Bhith gad chur an toll-butha,
'S gun mo dhull thu thigh 'nn uaithe.
Laigh smal air mo shugradh
Gus an ruigear an uaigh dhomh.

These verses seem to refer to the Marquis of Huntly or to the Earl of Athole. They might suit at the beginning of Cumha Morair Hunndaidh.

23. From Turner's collection.

24. From Turner's collection.

25. From D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire. As published in that work, it contains nine verses, namely, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, and 17th. The 12th 's by myself.

26. From John Maclean's MS.

27. From Gillies's collection.

28. There are four versions of this poem, Dr. Maclean's, Turner's, Ewen Maclachlan's and Alexander Macdonald's. Dr. Maclean's and Turner's differ but very little. Ewen Maclachlan copied his version from an old MS. He states that the poem was composed about Lord Macdonell. The poem, as I have given it, is partly from Dr. Maclean's version and partly from Ewen Maclachlan's. Both these versions contain the 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th verses. But they do not give the 4th and 10th verses in the same way. The 4th is given by Ewen Maclachlan as follows:—

Thèid mi shealltuinn an null
Air nigh'n Sheumais nan tur,
Gum meal thu 'n staidhle sin pùd ri 'd bheo.

If the poem is about Lord Macdonell nigh'n Sheumais should be nigh'n Domhnaill; if about Macdonald, of Sleat, it should be Sir Seumas or Sir Domhnaill. The 10th verse, as given by Dr. Maclean, runs thus,—

'Sleat Sir Domhnaill o'n Choal,
'Sleat Clann Domhnaill na laolch,
Sud a bhuidheann nach maom 'san toir.

Ewen Maclachlan has it as follows:—

Leat a dh' eireadh na laolch,
Clann-Domhnaill an fhraolch,
Sud na connspuinn nach faoin 'san toir.

Of course the only difference of any consequence is in the first line.

The fifth verse is in my opinion the best in the poem. But to whom does it refer? I feel confident that it must refer to Sir James of Sleat, to Lord Macdonell, or to Sir Donald of Sleat. As John Lom was a man of good common sense, I am inclined to think that Sir James and Lord

Macdonell were dead, and that Sir Donald was the man of whom he said, 'S tu a thàghainn de'n als' tha beo.

29. From R. Macdonald's collection. The last two lines of the first verse are given in that work as follows:—

'N deoch-s' air Calptin Chloinn-Domhnaill,
'S air Sir Alasdair og 'thig o'n Chaol.

Sir James Macdonald, ninth of Sleat, was succeeded by his son, Donald. He had no son named Alexander. Sir James 13th of Sleat died in 1723. He was succeeded by his son Alexander, who was born in 1710 and married in 1733. My reasons for believing that the poem was composed about Sir Donald, 10th of Sleat, are these:— In the first place, as we are not in possession of John Lom's poems as they were composed Sir Alasdair may be a mistake. In the second place, according to Ranald Macdonald the poem was composed in the time of Sir James, ninth of Sleat. In the third place, the subject of the poem was a married man, but Sir Alexander, 14th of Sleat, was not married until the year 1733.

I have rejected the following lines from the twelfth verse:—

A chraobh fhlogius gun ghaiseadh
'Chuireadh fion d'i am paillead.

If the fig-tree belongs to the arms of the Macdonalds of Sleat, and it yields wine in abundance, these lines should have been retained.

30. From Turner's collection. The last two lines of the first verse are given in that work as follows:—

Gu bheil mulad fo d' chom ort
Mu bhas Ghoud Iarla Moire.

So far as known to me there was no such man as Ghoud Iarla Moire. As the poem was com-

posed about 1682, and as Lord Macdonell died in that year, it is possible that he was the person referred to by John Lom. The first half of the 8th verse is by myself.

The Earl of Argyll met John, first Earl of Athole of the Murray family, at the ford over the river Lyon, near Kenmore in Breadalbane. The former had 5,000 men with him, the latter 1200. Argyll invited Athole to a private conference. Whilst Athole and his friends were on the way they were seized by men who had been planted in ambush by Argyll, and sent off as prisoners to Edinburgh.

31. From Turner's collection.

32. From Gillies's collection. The last five verses were sent me by Alexander Macdonald, Ridge.

33. From Turner's collection.

34. From Gillies's collection.

35. From D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire.

36. From D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire.

37. From John Maclean's MS.

38. Sent me by Alexander Macdonald, Ridge. Instead of 'S leat Sir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol, Ewen MacIachlan has Leat a dh' eireadh na laoiach. According to D. C. Macpherson the 21st and 24th verses are about Gilleasbig na Ceapich.

39. Sent me by Alexander Macdonald, Ridge. This version of the poem is better than the one given at page 79. Of course ionad nan stait is preferable to ionad nan stath. Stait means a leading man in the state.

40. From R. Macdonald's collection. By an oversight this poem was not sent to the printer in time. It was only when I was writing out the index that I missed it. It should have been inserted before Oran an Agaidh an Aonaidh.

41. From Turner's collection.

The few shorts stanzas composed by myself

were inserted merely as connecting links. I have pointed them all out.

I have to thank Alexander Macdonald, Ridge, Antigonish, for the poems and verses that he has sent me. Mr. Macdonald is intimately acquainted with the history, traditions, and poetry of the Macdonalds of Keppoch. He has more poems by heart than any other person known to me.

Corrections.

The figures denote the number of the poem as given in the index.

1. For Loch Lay, read Loch Tay.
2. For chargadh, read chaogadh; for bhuid beann, bhuidheann; for thig, thig; for sheold, sheolta; and for brisgadh, briogadh.
3. For dhubblan read dhubbhan, and for Tugh, Lugh.
4. For euchdach read euchdach, for ruighe, ruighe, and for Lamess, Lamers.
5. For Hubhailitread Dhubbhairt; for Uislain, Uisdein; for ann siuil, an t-siull; and for nuthidhean, fubhaidhean.
6. For 'S cha dean in the 11th verse, 'S cha d' rinn; for croich, crìoch; for cunhnadh, comhnadh; for Dunabhèirt, Bhunabhèirt; for sconnsa, etc., sgonnsa, a scone or small fort; and for Dainaverty, Dunaverty.
7. For Bhold, etc., read Bhìodh do sheomraichean; for asde 'n, as de 'n; for bodhd, bochd; for tìll-butha, toll-butha; for lìonmhor, lìonmhor; and for thamhann, thamhainn.
8. For 'S gu fheil read 'S gu bheil; for

amhais, amhare; for Tuath ch, Tuathach; for duigh, diugh; for nachdaran, uachdaran, for oragan, organ; for t' h', th': for chladheah, chladheabh; for giubhsaich, giubhsaich; and for Bangshire, Bannfshire.

9. For Dhruinn read Dhruim; for Gun mheas, Gun mheas.

10. For ri read ri, and for Inverikething, Inverkeithing.

11. For mulaich read mullach; for sheanus, sheanns; for chuibhl, chuibhle; for chriseachd, choiseachd; for stobadh, stopadh; for uluchair, lùchair; for crunn, crun; for an Athair, an Athar; for thasaig; thainig; for failthe, failte; for dhiut, dhuit; for Nuair fhuaradh, Nuair a fhuaradh; for cho sinn, choisinn; for shuileam, shullean.

12. For an t-sionn read an t-sion; for Fhe, Tha; for chreupag, chreubhag; and for Ronald, Ranald.

13. For Daire-na-mine read Daile-na-mine; for leoghan, leoghann; and for choimas, choimeas.

14. For duigh read diugh; for chraddbhach chraobhach; for carcain, caochain; for chalaidd, chollaidd; for strathadh, shathadh; for ghulbhais, ghiubhais; and for chalin', chalm.

15. For shinbhleadh read shiubhleadh; for bheulach, bheorlach; for n ach, mach; for maoinleadh, maomadh; and for fhlaolam, fhaolam.

16. For snuig read smuig, and for baladh, boladh.

17. For rodnaich read ronnaich; brusg-shiulean, brusg-shullean, for milleadh, ullleadh; and for reask-shull, reasp-shull.

18. Perhaps do cheill, your sense, in the 16th verse should be do cheill', your wife. The words in the MS. are do cheille.

19. For Gur ma in the 12th verse read Gum a, and for Donnachad Reamhan, Donnachadh Reamhar.

20. For claidheadh read claidheabh, and for tilleadh, filleadh.

21. For suibhal read siubhal, and for ceadan, ceudan.

22. For cleachd read cleoc; for Ghuibhsich, Ghiubhsaich; for sirig, eirig; and fer ghullan, ghiullan.

23. For ghuibhais read ghiubhais; for damh nan croc, damh dearg nan croc, for sluagh in the 10th verse, tuath.

24. The first line of the 7th verse is in the MS. Ghlac an eara greim teanachrach. I do not know what eara is or stands for.

25. For saile read sail; for 'Chur robh, Cha robh; for thahadh, thathadh; for 'N loch, 'N laoch; for chalbh, dhalbh; and for bheiread, bheireadh.

26. For uchair read iuchair; for ur, la urla; and for buailtheadh, buailteadh. Delete the last sentence of the note.

27. For inbhraich read iubhraich; for chleusan, chleasan; for 'S n Leodaich, 'S na Leodaich; for claisaichean, clarsaichean; for bassala, banala; and for chuirn, chuirn.

28. For taigh-ghrunnaich read taigh-ghrunnaidh; for chlachan, a chlach i; for gluce, glaise; for Duimhnich, Duibhnich; for teine, teallach; for a'r n, air an; for dhochas d' fhuighair; for Stiubhart, Stiubhart; for ghulneach, ghuineach; for treudan, teudan; for cireadh, sireadh; for solais, sulais; for a a chumhachd, a chumhachd; for shid, clud; for bneisd, beist; for sgrois, sgrios; for 'Bheisd ghrannnd, A bheist ghrannnd; for chamhaig, chnamhag; for rint, riut; and for Marquis of Tullibardine, Marquis of Athole.

31. For dh' innich, dh' imich; for t-sleighe, t-sleibhe; for 'rian, 'nan; for da dheidh, na dheidh; for Ram aidh, Ramsaidh; and for dhuinne, dhuine.

32. For laisd, lasaid; for nochduidh, nochduidh; for dan, ban; and for roim, roimh; for Ge ceann, Le ceann; for gleidhte, greidhte.

33. For iull read iull; for Spain, spain; for Dh' fhashtuinn, Dh' fhaotuinn; for choiseachd, coiseachd; and for Aimheabach, aimhealach

34. For Anam read An am; for ruchain, rucain; for Liunusaidh, Liunnsaidh; and for luioich, luirich.

35. For ualle read nalle, and for suibhal, siubhal.

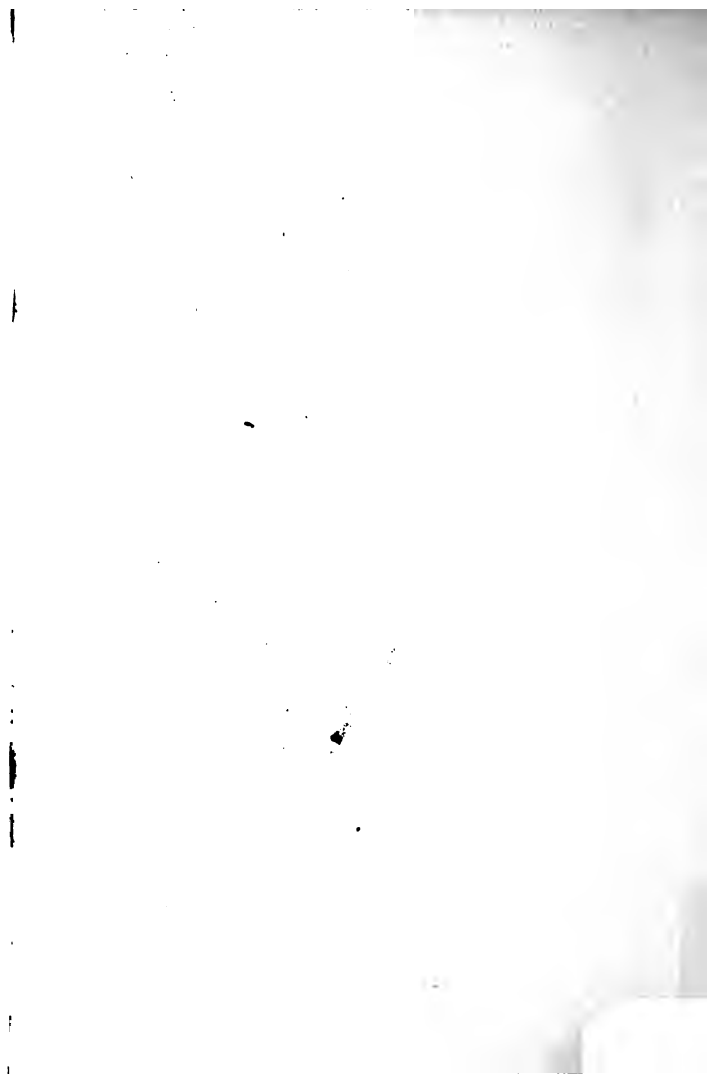
36. For ged mhise read ged bu mhise, and for duilteadh, diultadh.

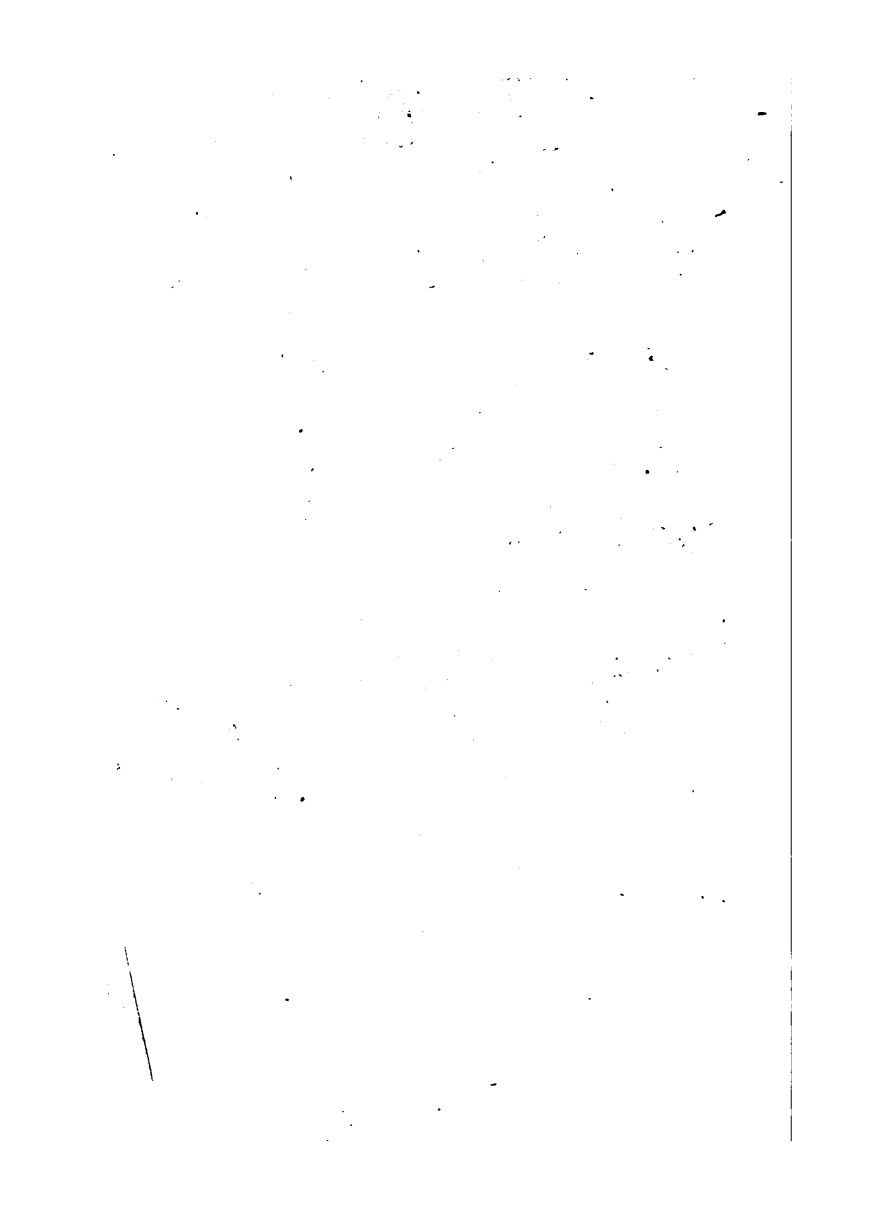
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